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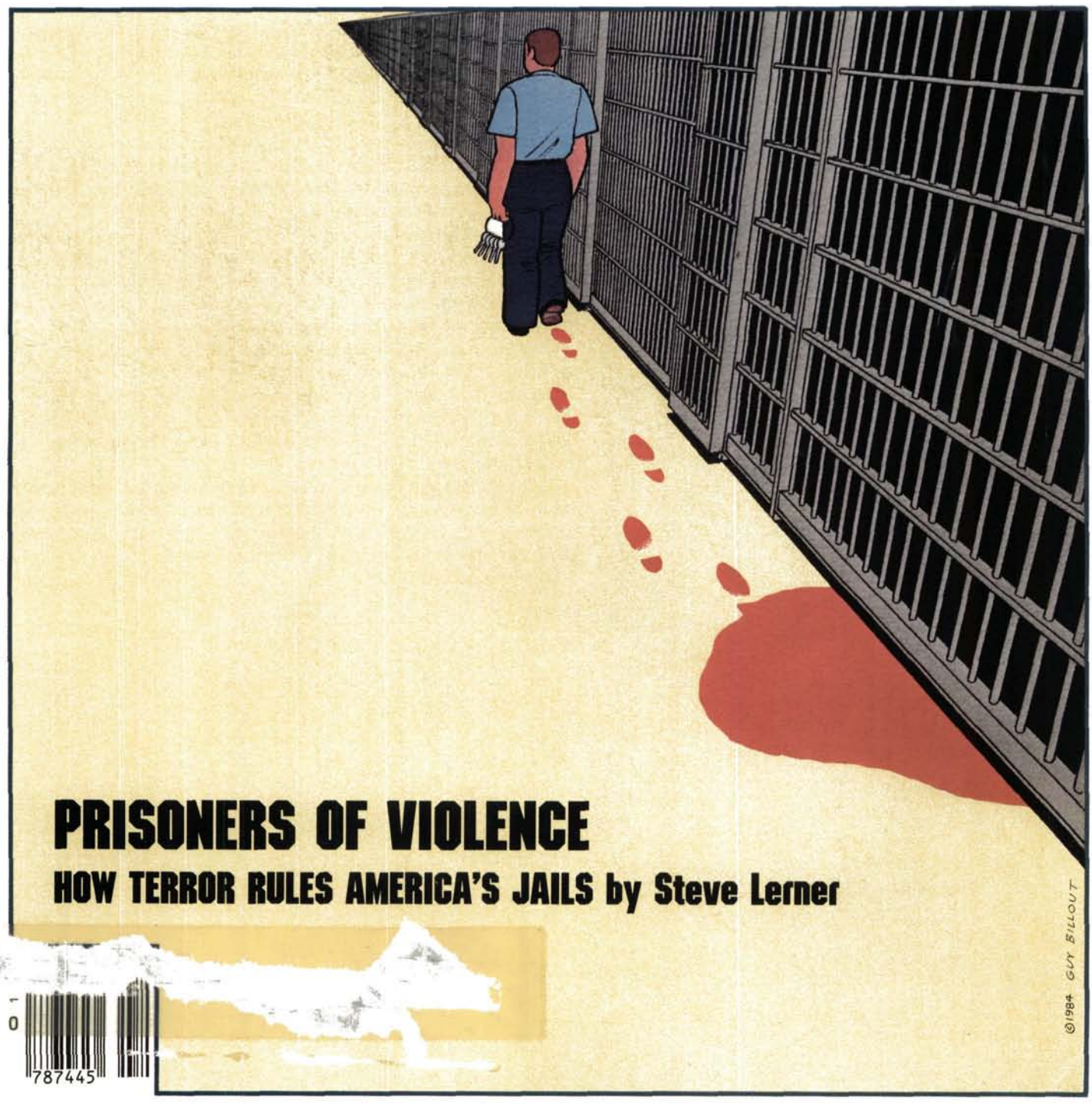

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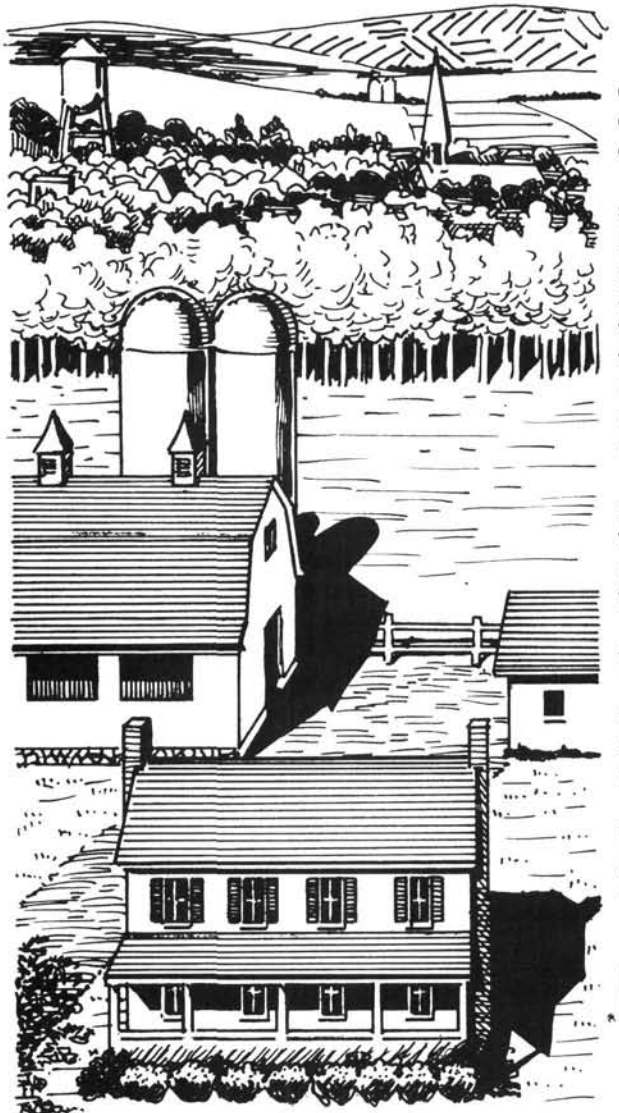

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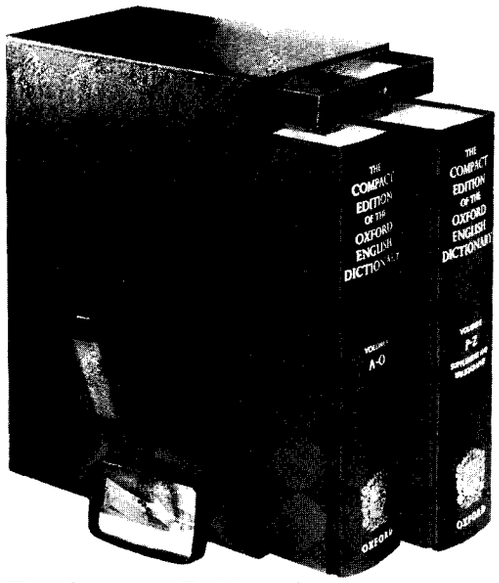

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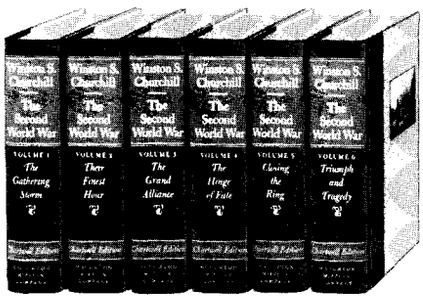

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CHILDREN WITH BABIES

To the editors:

Ann Hulbert's "Children As Parents" (TNR, September 10) fails to report on how the welfare system interacted with ghetto youth culture to create the problem. Opening up Aid to Families with Dependent Children to minors with children came after a strong campaign during the 1950s and 1960s among social workers, intellectuals, and welfare system workers. Previously, A.F.D.C. was open only to widows and divorced and separated mothers with children and without child support. Minors, whether mothers or children, were aided only when supported by a conservator or guardian. A teenager who contemplated pregnancy or one who contemplated keeping her illegitimate child would have to think twice before putting herself under adult supervision on A.F.D.C. When A.F.D.C. became a direct grant to unmarried minors, this allowed children to receive a regular check without having to be responsible to an adult. To young mothers not yet reared to adult responsibilities, A.F.D.C. became an escape valve for getting out from under one's parents. The only way to solve this problem is to restructure the laws and regulations.

RALPH SEGALMAN
Northridge, California

FERRARO'S FINANCES

To the editors:

Your editorial on Geraldine Ferraro's troubles ("The Reform Petard," TNR, September 10) relates the "moral hazing of civil servants" to partisan advantage. Financial disclosure procedures make it difficult for people who've made many financial transactions to escape charges of immorality if only because standards change and forms reporting readily lead to contradiction. The conclusion—capitalism corrupts—is in the premise.

Ms. Ferraro calls for judgment based on a public life in which money-making is the least of it. With far less in the way of family financial largesse, Ed Meese's entire life is a monument to public service in utter disregard of financial accumulation. Like Ms. Ferraro he deserves to be judged against the background of a lifetime. We shall never know how much the nation lost because President Carter was deprived of the services of Bert Lance, an aide whose public service was impeccable. Nor will candidate Mondale know what wisdom he has lost for his Presidential campaign. Ms. Ferraro is the victim of a ricochet: a slap shot aimed at conservatives that happened to hit a liberal by choice but a capitalist by marriage. Will those who identify with her transfer their dismay to the pattern of discrediting people with financial transactions, or will they hope their aim will be better next time? Like the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC, I hope for the former, but I fear the latter.

AARON WILDAVSKY
Berkeley, California

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC minimizes Ms. Ferraro's offense by decrying the law she violated. You go on to condemn as worse a law proposed by Senator Dole, and as still worse, rules for income reporting being pressed by Common Cause. And then we see Ms. Ferraro's offense pale next to the behavior of the self-righteous Mark Hatfield. I suppose this is putting Ms. Ferraro in perspective: the law is unfair and someone else is a lot worse. But she disobeyed the law, and she knew what she was doing.

IVAN HAGEN
Chicago, Illinois

NO GAIN IN GUATEMALA

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC labors to "give the government of Guatemala the praise it deserves" ("Guatemala Gain," TNR, September 10) and says that General Mejia's military government merits U.S. economic aid since a fair election "by all accounts" was held on July 1, 1984; no labor leaders have been abducted by authorities since that date; and "massacres . . . and . . . generalized violence have ended." Though more than a dozen union officials were abducted, tortured, or killed by the authorities in the weeks before the recent election, TNR cites labor's status as evidence of progress. We are told that unionists still are "jailed," but no mention is made of the seventeen prisoners killed these last two months inside the Pavon prison. Dozens of missing professors, unionists, and others may now languish in the scores of other clandestine prisons. Two seminarians and one ordained priest have been murdered by authorities since November, over sixty members of the university community have been seized without charge in the last three months, and Christian Democrat leaders continue to be abducted as well (e.g., Domingo Vasquez Aceituno, taken July 24, 1984).

TNR reports that the Social Democrats boycotted the election, but fails to mention that parties further to the left were banned by army decrees dating from 1982. This belies TNR's characterization of the balloting as involving "no intervention by the army." Nor was the balloting "honest." The supervisor of voter registration, Carlos Salvador Moran Amaya, reported that 326,000 ballots and four stamps used to validate cast ballots vanished just prior to the voting. Christian Democrats lodged objections to the tally reported in two provinces. Finally, there is the matter of economic aid, which TNR endorses. Much U.S. aid in the recent past has been food distributed by troops to Indians confined in army-run "model villages." On August 3, 1984, Archbishop Prospero Penados del Barrio, head of the Guatemalan Catholic Church, referred to these as "anti-model villages," and urged the military to let all the peasants go home.

GORDON L. BOWEN
Staunton, Virginia

HOORAH FOR HUBERT

To the editors:

William Leuchtenberg hit the nail on the head when he cited the vehement criticism that Hubert Humphrey received in 1968 for being part of the Johnson Administration ("H.H. The Democrat," TNR, September 3). This hostility toward Mr. Humphrey represented the cynicism of the anti-war movement. The critics of Hubert Humphrey in 1968 based their attacks solely on the war. These same people knew in their hearts that it was not Mr. Humphrey's war, but Mr. Johnson's. They also knew that Mr. Humphrey would have withdrawn U.S. forces no later than either Eugene McCarthy or Bobby Kennedy. Instead, we got Richard Nixon, and Vietnam occupied four more years of American history.

JOHN O'NEIL
Allen Park, Michigan

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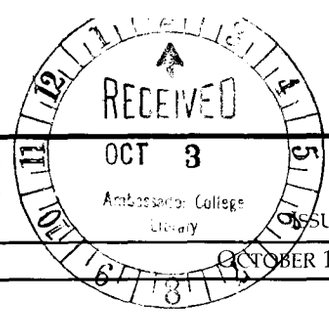

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FROM WASHINGTON

Mixing Dog And Politics

VICE PRESIDENT BUSH: You're asking my opinion?
MS. STAHL: Yes.
VICE PRESIDENT BUSH: Forget about it. I don't worry about it.
—"Face the Nation," August 19

Every great leader needs a loyal friend who will chase a stick wherever he throws it, a source of uncritical affection he can count on to be there, no matter what, barking approval and wagging his tail. F.D.R. had Fala, Nixon had Checkers, Reagan has George Bush.

Loyalty is a fine quality in a dog, and not a bad one in a person. Bush's loyalty is so dogged, though, that it raises doubts about his ration of other desirable qualities in a national leader, such as principles, depth, and an interest in communicating with others through use of the English language.

In 1980 Bush said he could tolerate government financing of abortions in cases of rape and incest, or to save a woman's life. Since then, he has heard his master's voice. George now has "no recollection" of having taken this minimally humane position. His stand today? Easy. "My position is like Ronald Reagan's. Put that that down. Mark that down. Good. You got it." In 1980 Bush supported the Equal Rights Amendment. Today, "I'm strongly supportive of the tack we're on," which tack is to oppose it.

Bush also had no recollection of his famous remark that Reagan's fiscal plan was "voodoo economics," until Ken Bode of NBC News dug up the videotape. Today, Bush can hardly contain his enthusiasm for Reaganomics, or his contempt for "the liberal Democrats" and their "philosophy of tax and spend, tax and spend." For Pete's sake, George, get it right: it's "tax and *tax, spend* and spend."

Poor George. Looking to 1988, he wants to disguise his mutt bloodlines as a moderate Republican and acquire a conservative pedigree. But he can't pass. I think the rabid right admissions committee misreads Bush slightly. They see him as a closet moderate, still secretly fantasizing about tax increases and abortions for rape victims. In fact, Bush is a man of no discernible political passions, beyond a passion to win political office, which itself doesn't seem to run all that deep. His is a free-floating ambition that went into Republican politics mainly because of family tradition.

One reason Bush is unconvincing as a right-wing zealot is that he is so obviously not neurotic, as any zealot (or, perhaps, anyone who's really serious about politics) has to be. No one is going to believe that George Bush lies awake at night in bug-eyed alarm about Soviet designs, or about anything else. Bush gives every appearance of being a happy man without a serious care or grudge in the world. Recently he went to North Carolina to campaign for Jesse Helms, a man who viciously opposed his selection as Vice President.

This thesis helps to explain Bush's bizarre way of talking. Consider his amazing disquisition, on "Meet the Press" September 16, about the fashionable topic of mixing religion and politics:

> I think in politics there are certain moral values. I'm one who—we believe strongly in pluralism, we believe in separation of church and state, but when you get into some questions there are some moral overtones. Murder, that kind of thing, and I feel a little, I will say, uncomfortable sometimes with the elevation of the religion thing—not that I don't feel strongly—I've been blessed by faith, my own family and a family that's been very close and all of that. . . .
>
> We don't believe God is a Republican, but they're elevating it, they're on the wrong side of the issue. Now let—I have respect for what Mr. Cuomo tried to do, but that is his religion. Catholicism. Let them sort it out, and I'll do my thing as Episcopalian, and you and Marvin do your thing. . . .

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 15, 1984

STRIKE FOUR

Ever since the Bay of Pigs disaster, American Presidents have followed John F. Kennedy's example: accept "responsibility" for the failure, but make sure someone else gets the blame. In 1961 it was quickly leaked that the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon had misinformed Mr. Kennedy about the operation's chances of success, and in due course Allen Dulles, the C.I.A. director, and General Lyman Lemnitzer, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, found themselves in retirement. In recent years, however, it has become the custom for no one to lose his job over a disaster. Jimmy Carter took the heat but not the blame for the failed Iran rescue mission in 1980 and fired no one in the military who planned the operation. The only official who quit over that one, ironically, was Secretary of State Cyrus Vance—who had urged that it not be undertaken.

This pattern has now reached a logical and horrible conclusion in the Middle East. In the past seventeen months, terrorists have been able to drive up to four different American installations, one in Kuwait and three in Beirut, and blow them up. The death toll is now at least 347, yet no one has been held to account. If the concept of executive responsibility has any meaning at all anymore, then surely the blame rests squarely with President Reagan. After the U.S. Embassy in Lebanon was demolished by a car bomb in April 1983, with 63 killed, Mr. Reagan should have decreed that all necessary measures be taken to ensure the security of other American installations in the region. In October 1983, after 265 U.S. servicemen were murdered in their sleep by a truck bomber who had to penetrate only a chain link fence to get to their barracks, it was time to fire a general—or, better still, a Secretary of Defense. After the U.S. Embassy in Kuwait was successfully attacked by a car bomb in December 1983, with 5 dead, the person responsible for Mideast embassy security should have been fired. And now at least 14 more people have been killed in another embassy bombing—apparently by the same group, the Islamic Jihad, and by the same methods as before.

It's said that Ronald Reagan is not the kind of detail-obsessed President that Jimmy Carter was, and that he operates instead like a chairman of the board, setting high-level priorities and delegating mere administration to others. Mr. Reagan evades responsibility for many of the harmful policies of his Administration by fostering this image, but this time it won't wash. Even a board chairman can put the fear of dismissal into his underlings on an issue as simple as guarding U.S. diplomats and servicemen. This time Mr. Reagan's Teflon surface has been scratched through. He deserves all the criticism that Walter Mondale cares to heap on him. And there ought to be a thoroughgoing Congressional investigation of the Administration's security and anti-terrorism policies.

Evidently worried about the political repercussions, Administration spokesmen, including Defense Secretary Weinberger, have resorted to a singularly lame excuse: that "there is no way to guarantee absolute security when a terrorist is willing to give up his life in an attack." To illustrate his point, Mr. Weinberger thoughtfully suggested a new method of attack that had perhaps not yet occurred to the terrorist community—the use of helicopter bombs to replace truck bombs. The point, however, is that the Islamic Jihad has not had to resort to high technology to do its killing; American installations have been unconscionably left vulnerable to the same old techniques time after time after time. According to a report by the Defense Intelligence Agency that came to light last week after the embassy annex bombing, the U.S. Marines charged with guarding the facility are housed in barracks even more open to attack than the embassy annex itself.

The United States knows how to protect people better than this. The White House is guarded—adequately, we hope—with concrete barriers, steel gates, electronic sensors, and even ground-to-air missiles. After the original American Embassy in Beirut was destroyed in April 1983, the United States moved into quarters on the grounds of the nearby British Embassy and made the facility virtually impregnable behind three layers of barricades, gates, and waist-high iron pegs which prevent any approach by vehicle. The entire complex on the West Beirut corniche is

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fenced off from ordinary traffic, and the building is covered with steel mesh to ward off rocket attacks. U.S. Ambassador Reginald Bartholomew was eager to move most embassy functions to the new annex in Christian East Beirut because he felt, obviously wrongly, that it would be safer. None of his superiors in the State Department or the White House had the wit to second-guess him. "Once they moved to East Beirut," an Administration intelligence official said, "they let their guard down." The move was made even though security barriers were unfinished and shatterproof glass not yet installed. What's more, a detachment of eighty U.S. Marines that had been guarding the outside of the facility was returned to sea duty in the Mediterranean. Internal security remained in the hands of the normal Marine embassy guard contingent, but the task of external guarding was transferred to hired Christian Phalangist militiamen—"perfumed rent-a-cops," one observer called them. These guards proved incapable of protecting the building when it was attacked; the Islamic suicide bomber was shot dead just short of the embassy building by the bodyguards of the British ambassador, who happened to be visiting at the time. Had they not been on the scene, a slaughter as horrific as the October 1983 barracks bombing might have occurred. It was both a military and a political mistake to hire Phalangist guards. These are the folks who brought you the Sabra and Shatila massacres. They prefer their targets unarmed.

Mr. Reagan, who usually knows how to find words to throw at a problem that he can't or won't solve otherwise, has failed even on the verbal level this time. Asked about the security delays at the embassy, the President said: "Anyone that's ever had their kitchen done over knows that it never gets done as soon as you wish it would." We agree with Speaker O'Neill, who called this "a blatant, stupid alibi for the destruction of our embassy." The President also said that this was "a senseless and brutal attack," which suggests either that he doesn't grasp what's occurred or that he refuses to do so out of fear about the implications. This was a brutal act, to be sure, but it was not senseless. It was the act of people who are fanatical, but not crazy. They know what they want, and to get it they are willing to kill themselves and innocent people by the hundreds and thousands. The immediate excuse for the embassy bombing may have been, as a warning caller from the Islamic Jihad asserted in advance, to punish the United States for its veto of a one-sided U.N. Security Council resolution calling for Israeli—but not Syrian—withdrawal from Lebanon. But the larger purpose was stated clearly by the caller who claimed credit for the blast. "The operation goes to prove," he said, "that we will carry out our previous promise not to allow a single American to remain on Lebanese soil."

Terrorism has had one success in driving American Marines out of Lebanon, and it wants to finish the job—in the Middle East and around the world. Muammar Qaddafi stated as much in a March 2 speech commemorating the seventh anniversary of his Libyan revolution. "What has been achieved in Lebanon, the defeat that America has suffered in Lebanon, is not less than its defeat in Vietnam. . . . Now the 17 May agreement which [Lebanese President Amin] Gemayel signed with the Israelis is about to be burned and abolished. . . . If we—the revolutionary forces, the Libyans, along with the steadfast Syrians and the Palestinian resistance—were able to overthrow the 17 May agreement, it would mean that we have the power to overthrow the Camp David agreement. . . . Against the hireling government which America has installed in Egypt and against the will of the Israelis and their reactionary American allies, the struggle will continue until the Camp David agreement is burned." And once that's done, Mr. Qaddafi continued, "We must force America to fight on a hundred fronts all over the earth. . . . It has taken a despotic line and believes it can defy anyone, that no one can challenge it. But we have challenged it in Lebanon and defeated it in Lebanon. I say this so that Reagan, the chief, may hear. We have defeated him in Lebanon and we are celebrating our victory. We have forced him to flee Lebanon."

Mr. Reagan and officials of his Administration often talk as though they understand that the United States and its friends are under the kind of concerted attack that Mr. Qaddafi described. However, talking is about all they ever do. Last June was a springtime for bravado. Secretary of State Shultz indicated that the United States might mount preemptive strikes against terrorist groups, and C.I.A. Director William Casey, in a magazine interview, cited the Israeli policy of striking back at countries which harbor terrorist groups and said, "I think you're going to see more of that—retaliation against facilities connected with the country sponsoring the terrorists or retaliation that just hurts the interests of countries which sponsor terrorism." After the Marine barracks bombing, U.S. officials said they believed Iran and Syria were responsible for equipping and assisting the Shiite Muslim group which carried out the attack. Yet there was no reprisal against either country. After the latest attack, Administration officials are saying they haven't the foggiest idea who the Islamic Jihad is, and they are ruling out retaliation. In Beirut Mr. Reagan's bluffs are being called.

WHAT SHOULD the United States do about all of this? First, we should understand that we are on the besieged side in what amounts to war, and we should be prepared to retaliate with force if we can also do so prudently. If we are certain of the identity of an installation that has been used to attack us, then we have every right to destroy it in reprisal. Prudence is required because we do not wish to create a worse international situation than we had before our attack, as would be the case were we to bomb Damascus or Iran's oil facilities. The Israelis attack terrorist training bases and enemy military installations. So might we.

The Pentagon needs to be a special focus of attention in the battle against terrorism. This Administration is spending hundreds of billions of dollars to prepare for wars that

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will probably never be fought—nuclear wars and land wars in Europe. The kinds of wars that are being fought right now receive woefully little attention from career officers and their civilian bosses. The Iran rescue mission was a failure partly because its military planning and equipment were faulty. The Grenada invasion accomplished its objectives, but it took about 8,000 troops three days to subdue just 700 Cubans, and the United States took 106 casualties in the process.

Terrorism is not only a military problem. There are nonmilitary ways to retaliate against terrorist countries, and these should be undertaken. Libya, for example, deserves to be the object of shunning by the civilized world—economically and politically—and the United States should use all of its persuasive powers to enlist other countries in helping Mr. Qaddafi's intended victims resist.

It seems almost too obvious to state that security must be improved at U.S. facilities in dangerous countries. It's possible to build embassies in whole or part below ground, for example, or on hills well above street level. If uniformed Marine guards present too-inviting targets, then perhaps we need to create a new force of plainclothes civilian security personnel. And while permanent security barriers are being installed, we should do what was done on a temporary basis at the White House and the U.S. Capitol—use cars, buses, or trucks as security blockades. If this isn't now being put into effect in Beirut, Congress should demand to know why not.

Finally, there needs to be an improvement in America's human intelligence-gathering capabilities—what used to be called spying—to provide warning against attacks. For years the C.I.A. has been spending its time and money disproportionately on satellites and other intelligence technology that helps to track Soviet military movements but is of little use in places like the Middle East. It may be impossible to penetrate a fanatic Islamic splinter group, but we ought to be able to recruit agents in the Syrian, Iranian, and Libyan security services and others in the support system that terrorist groups have to use to obtain arms, cars, and other equipment. To recruit such spies, we need C.I.A. agents who don't operate under thin U.S. diplomatic cover—as most U.S. agents currently do—but can pretend not to be Americans at all. If the C.I.A. doesn't have enough deep-cover types at the moment, perhaps it's time to recruit them from those currently engaged in fighting narcotics traffickers.

After the election, terrorism ought to be an issue on which a bipartisan consensus can form. Right now, this is a campaign issue that the Democrats should exploit forcefully, because Mr. Reagan is vulnerable to all the charges of weakness, negligence, and ineptitude that he hurled at Jimmy Carter four years ago over the Iran hostage crisis and the "loss" of Iran and Nicaragua. No nations have "gone Communist" on Ronald Reagan's watch, but three Americans currently are being held hostage in Lebanon, three embassy buildings and a Marine barracks have gone up in smoke under his nose, nearly 350 people have been killed, and he has done nothing about it but talk.

NOTEBOOK

□ WE NOTE with sadness that Carl Proffer, whose review of Michael Scammell's biography of Solzhenitsyn appears in this issue, died of cancer on September 24. With his wife, Ellendea, Mr. Proffer founded Ardis Publishers, a press devoted to the works of Soviet writers, and edited the journal *Russian Literature Triquarterly*. Thanks to the Proffers' labors over the past decade, important Russian authors have been revived and discovered. Their work on behalf of dissident and exiled writers displeased the Soviet authorities (Mr. Proffer was denied a visa to attend the Moscow Book Fair in 1979), even as it enriched the rest of us. Readers and writers alike will miss a man who established a creative link between East and West in a time when empty talk has more often prevailed.

□ TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Salinger's subject matter is not unique, nor are his positions quite as intelligible as the talk about rebellion would indicate. Probably, if we could find the True Blue Salingerite, that ideal reader who would remain staunchly superior to any *ad hoc* image of Salinger, he would be no more addicted to rebellion than he would be to Zen. He would, I think, be likely to say that he is interested in Salinger for no better reason than that Salinger's characters are so uncomfortably alive that one has a kind of irrational desire to keep after them and see if something can't be worked out. If pressed, he might guess further that Salinger made them uncomfortable quite deliberately, and that there is an apparently conscious development toward isolating and then enlarging upon the discomforts of the people he is writing about." ("The Knighthood of J. D. Salinger," by William Wiegand, October 19, 1959.)

Did Mondale discriminate against Arabs?

GIVEBACK GOOF-UP

WALTER MONDALE just can't seem to get a break. Dogged by charges that he never says no to a "special interest group," he's now being condemned for doing precisely that. The controversy centers on an incident described in an Op-Ed article by former Senator James Abourezk in the August 28 *New York Times*. Abourezk, who is now the chairman of the Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee (A.D.C.), says Mondale had a meeting with five wealthy Arab-Americans in Chicago last May 22 to discuss the Middle East, after which he pocketed $1,000 campaign contributions from each. A few days later, the five were "stunned" when the cam-

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paign "returned the checks with a statement that it was policy to refuse contributions from Arab-Americans."

Does Mondale deserve this kick in the shins? Not completely. It appears that Abourezk was wrong about one crucial detail of the episode. Still, the Mondale campaign's handling of the incident does raise questions about its motives for returning the $5,000, a move that was understandably taken as a humiliating insult by the would-be contributors.

Piecing together the accounts of the people involved, what seems to have happened was this: on May 22, Mondale met for about fifteen minutes with four Arab-Americans and the widow of an Arab-American in Chicago. Joseph Gomez, a Mondale fund-raiser who arranged the meeting, and Thomas Rosenberg, Mondale's Chicago finance chairman, also attended. Gomez and Rosenberg both say that Gomez handed Rosenberg checks from the five at the beginning of the meeting. They also say that although the conversation was about the Middle East, it took a turn which Abourezk fails to mention. According to the two, Chicago publisher Albert Joseph, an A.D.C. board member, told Mondale that 35 percent of American Jews carry Israeli passports with them at all times. Joseph declared that he did not have "two flags" in his home, according to Gomez and Rosenberg. (Joseph did not return TNR's calls.)

Rosenberg says that Joseph's anti-Semitic remarks explain why the campaign gave the money back. Why, then, was the money not returned immediately? Rosenberg claims that when he and Mondale left the room, they both expressed reservations about keeping the money. At Mondale's suggestion, Rosenberg called David Ifshin, the campaign's general counsel—and chief liaison to the Jewish community—to ask what to do. Ifshin says he thought about it, then talked with campaign manager Jim Johnson and finance chairman Michael Berman. Everyone agreed it would be best to return the checks because of the anti-Jewish remarks. On May 29 Rosenberg returned the money to Gomez. Gomez eventually returned the checks to the would-be contributors, but denies ever having told anyone that the Mondale campaign refuses money from Arab-Americans. One of the donors, Mary Lou Haddad, agrees that no anti-Arab policy was ever stated.

In short, Abourezk is wrong when he says that the incident proves the Mondale campaign has a policy against taking Arab-American contributions. Indeed, the Mondale people say they have accepted many such contributions. Abourezk seems to have based his claim on an unconfirmed third-hand account in a memo Albert Joseph wrote to the A.D.C. Still, Abourezk is correct on the narrower point that Mondale knew the Arab-Americans' views and weren't so offended as to return the money on the spot.

So did the Mondale officials return the money a week later because of the donors' ethnic orgin or because of the obnoxious statements of one of the five Arab-Americans? The Mondale claim that Albert Joseph's statements are solely to blame, while not contradicted by any direct evidence, is undermined by the fact it took them a week of consultations to decide they were in fact unacceptable. What else might have figured in the Mondale decision? It's hard to avoid the impression that it was partially based on a calculation that contributions from a group of Arab-Americans per se might pose a political problem. And that does verge on prejudice.

In any case, everyone is now busily making amends to the Arab-American community. John Buckley, a spokesman for Reagan-Bush '84, says smugly, "In contrast to the Mondale campaign, we do not discriminate against contributors because of their ethnic background." Less than two weeks after the story broke, the Reagan campaign created the "Arab-Americans for Reagan-Bush '84." In early August, the National Association of Arab-Americans issued a statement demanding that Mondale "publicly invite" the support of Arab-Americans, or else the N.A.A.A. would call on Arab-Americans not to vote for him. According to David Sadd, the executive director of the National Association, half an hour before he was to open a press conference announcing this threat, the Mondale campaign called him to say that an Arab-American would soon be appointed to a vice-chairmanship of the campaign. Sadd went ahead with the press conference anyway, but sure enough, Mondale-Ferraro now has not one, but three, Arab-American vice-chairs.

DAVID A. BELL, ANTONY J. BLINKEN, & CHUCK LANE

On Eleanor Roosevelt's centennial.

'GOLDEN FOOTPRINTS'

IN THE MID-1930s, a young child asked to name the President replied, "Franklin Eleanor Roosevelt." The answer wasn't far off the mark. Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Eleanor Roosevelt were truly partners, and the electric, inspirational atmosphere of Washington in early New Deal days was almost as much her creation as his. October 11 is the one hundredth anniversary of Eleanor Roosevelt's birth. The spirit of idealism and of total dedication to affirmative government that she and her husband evoked is, for the moment, out of fashion. As one who experienced that spirit in full force—I arrived in Washington in 1935 to work for the New Deal—I may be forgiven for wishing passionately to see it reborn.

Eleanor Roosevelt was the eyes and ears of the crippled President. Traveling from one end of the country to the other, visiting mines, factories, relief projects, and every conceivable place about which the President should know, she was his roving ambassador. In 1933 it was she who visited and fraternized with the returning "bonus army" of needy World War I veterans; a year earlier, the

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veterans had been run out of town by General MacArthur's troops. "Hoover sent the Army," went the slogan of the time, "Roosevelt sent his wife." No wonder that an appeal letter F.D.R. received from an especially needy black woman seeking funds ended with these words: "If you can't help me, Mr. President, I guess I'll have to write to Mrs. Roosevelt."

She was the President's conscience, prodding him in conversation or by memorandum whenever she felt him straying from the idealistic course for political considerations. She was the agitator for change and for reform; he decided whether her ideas, with which he usually agreed, were politically feasible. Her role as conscience *cum* agitator was right out on the table between the two. In his loving book, *Centenary Portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt*, Joseph P. Lash tells of her bemoaning Franco's victory one night to a dinner guest, like her a supporter of the Spanish Loyalists. "We were morally right, but too weak," she said, and, looking directly at the President, added: "We should have pushed *him* harder."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

For even the lowliest of New Dealers, working in the Roosevelts' government was heady stuff. We all knew we were building a new society upon the lessons learned from the failures of the old. As the welfare state emerged brick by brick from the earlier stark capitalism, each of us was made to feel that he or she was a participant in the transformation. And even at a White House reception for a thousand people, like one my wife and I attended in 1936, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt made us feel it had been given for us.

Mrs. Roosevelt's spirit pervaded Washington. Whatever the issue, her voice would always be lifted for the underdog, for the cause of idealism. Loyalist Spain was one such cause. Trade unionism was another, with Walter Reuther her young favorite and adviser. Civil liberties was still another. The Supreme Court's decision requiring school children to salute the flag, even though written by her long-time friend Felix Frankfurter, received quick condemnation from her.

Civil rights were her special domain. She was one of the first to earn an epithet that has always seemed to me a title of honor, "nigger-lover." When the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to let Marian Anderson sing in Constitution Hall, Mrs. Roosevelt promptly resigned from the organization—and just as promptly helped arrange Miss Anderson's unforgettable performance at the Lincoln Memorial. Mrs. Roosevelt's spirit hovered over the Memorial that day, and for many of us it was still there when Martin Luther King Jr. gave his historic speech a quarter of a century later.

There was doubt in Mrs. Roosevelt's own mind as to the role she would play after the President's death. Her first act after informing Vice President Truman what had happened was to cable her three sons, "Father slept away. He would expect you to carry on and finish your job." She might have been addressing herself, for she certainly followed her own admonition. Duty and work were her way of life and her antidote to loneliness. As she wrote in her autobiography, "I am not sure whether this"—her devotion to work after she was widowed—"was due to my own planning or simply to circumstances. But my philosophy has been that if you have work to do and do it to the best of your ability you will not have much time to think about yourself." For the seventeen years between her husband's death and her own, she had work and she did it.

Mrs. Roosevelt saw the United Nations as a bright hope for peace. President Truman appointed her to the U.S. delegation; perhaps the greatest achievement of her life was the drafting under her guidance of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Her support for the U.N. continued after she left official duties there. Possibly her final attempt to strengthen the U.N. was in 1962, not long before her death, when she went to the White House with F.D.R.'s old adviser Benjamin Cohen to urge, unsuccessfully, that the U.N. be brought into the deepening Vietnam difficulties. A few years later, with Mrs. Roosevelt

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gone and the Vietnam War escalating many times further, Mr. Cohen urged me to repeat Mrs. Roosevelt's suggestion to President Johnson when an Americans for Democratic Action delegation met with him in 1965. Sadly for the nation and for the world, President Johnson scorned Mrs. Roosevelt's wisdom.

Mrs. Roosevelt's role as a civil libertarian has not always received proper attention. In the early 1950s Senator Joseph McCarthy and F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover turned the cold war period into a time of degrading fear, timid speech, and totalitarian methods. "McCarthyism," she said, "is a question on which public officials must stand up and be counted." Unfortunately too many liberal political leaders failed the test. Hubert Humphrey led the fight for the infamous Communist Control Act of 1954; John Kennedy refused to support the Senate's resolution of censure against McCarthy that same year; other great Senators like Paul Douglas and Wayne Morse could not find voice to challenge McCarthy. Secretary of State Dean Acheson fired Jack Service, and President Eisenhower ran from General Marshall. But Mrs. Roosevelt never wavered, even sheltering the heavily attacked Americans for Democratic Action by accepting its honorary chairmanship.

To the end, she gave to these and the other great causes of the day—help to the poor, women's rights, Israel, full employment—every ounce of strength her declining health could still command. No sacrifice was too much for her: taking long night flights so that she could lend her support to some meeting whose success depended upon her presence; inspiring groups of all sizes and shapes through discussions at her own Hyde Park; lending her wisdom to conferences that hardly warranted her participation; sitting through tedious resolution-drafting sessions, utterly and charmingly unembarrassed to be seen taking a catnap now and then.

Mrs. Roosevelt found her happiness not in her personal life, but in caring for and serving others. Her childhood had been marred by the death of her mother when she was 8 and of her adored father when she was 10. She suffered her husband's infidelities in dignity and she kept their marriage going for family and nation. She wrote, "If anyone were to ask me what I want out of life I would say—the opportunity for doing something useful, for no other way, I am convinced, can true happiness be attained." She achieved happiness in her own way and shared it with the world.

Winston Churchill once wrote Mrs. Roosevelt, "You have certainly left golden footprints behind you." No one can fill those footprints. But they will always remain a compass for the caring, a compass never more needed than today.

JOSEPH L. RAUH JR.

Joseph L. Rauh Jr., a civil rights lawyer in Washington, joined Mrs. Roosevelt and others in founding the Americans for Democratic Action.

The politics of color consciousness.

ADDABBO'S RACE

ON LABOR DAY Jesse Jackson was preaching to an enthusiastic and mostly black crowd in Queens about "empowerment." Last April he won 64 percent of this district's vote in the Democratic Party Presidential primary. Now he was in town to give a boost to another black's quest for political office. Gesturing toward Simeon Golar, who hoped to replace Representative Joseph P. Addabbo as his party's candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, Jackson declared: "If you, who live in a district that's 65 percent black, will not send this qualified man to Congress, then we'll have to draw a circle around Queens, because there's something wrong with you." Yet a week later, Addabbo drubbed Golar by a margin of more than 2 to 1.

The Addabbo-Golar contest was a revealing case of the politics of racial consciousness. Golar, an urbane, articulate real estate developer who once served as the chairman of New York City's housing authority, first tried to unseat Addabbo in 1982. That year, reapportionment had made blacks and Hispanics a majority in the Sixth District, and he fell short by a relatively small margin of 8,000 votes out of 44,000 cast. In the wake of Jackson's Presidential campaign and the election of black mayors in Philadelphia and Chicago, Golar had reason to expect victory this time. More important, Jackson's Rainbow Coalition helped add 20,000 new minority voters to the Sixth District's electorate over the last year. By taking the fight to what he termed the "entrenched, ugly white political machine," blaming "white flight" for a decline in public services, and courting Jackson's support, Golar made race a theme of his campaign. The strategy backfired.

The simplest interpretation of the election is that Queens voters just chose the best man, white or black. According to Mayor Ed Koch, "In this election, ethnicity receded before common sense." Addabbo has served the district for twelve terms. As chairman of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee he holds a powerful position on the Hill. If you ask Queens residents about their representative, they invariably emphasize his liberal record, particularly his parsimonious approach to defense spending. Addabbo's campaign made much of his role in halting Reagan's transfer of funds from the social services to the military.

Addabbo also ran a skillful race. He is an old-school politician who likes to campaign door-to-door but who is also comfortable with computers and phone banks. He managed to raise about $1 million for his primary battle (Golar had only $250,000 to spend) and received plenty of help from the Queens party machine. Most of the district's top political figures, both black and white, endorsed him. Eight Jackson delegates to the Democratic Convention

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even held a pre-primary press conference to endorse Addabbo.

But a careful analysis of the primary vote shows that Addabbo's victory wasn't only due to his popularity and effective campaigning. He plainly also benefited from a white backlash against Golar. According to exit polls and interviews conducted by the candidates' staffs, Golar received about 60 percent of the black vote, but only around 2 to 3 percent of the white vote, a large drop from the 15 percent he took two years ago. Golar also lost nearly all of his Jewish support. In 1982, 35 percent of the district's Jews (who comprise a quarter of its eligible voters) backed him, compared to 1 percent this year. Although Golar made race an issue in 1982, his pitch was far more explicit this time. This upset whites, and Jackson's endorsement did little to calm them. Jackson's slogan, "It's time for Brother Golar," did not go over well. Golar made racial appeals, not racist ones, but that sufficed to lose him support. One white resident who backed Addabbo said: "Golar's a smart man, but you had this feeling he was telling black people, 'It's our turn now.' That made some whites around here uneasy." Golar himself concedes that the racial factor may have proved crucial in Addabbo's victory. "Reverend Jackson's support . . . might have dried up some of the white backing I needed to win," he told me.

THERE IS ALSO some evidence that blacks were either turned off by race-based appeals or at least not sufficiently fired up by Jackson to bother voting. Clearly, many blacks in the Sixth District respect Addabbo; after all, 40 percent of them gave him their vote. And others, who turned out in record numbers to vote for Jackson in the Presidential primary, stayed away. Voter turnout in the Addabbo-Golar race was 27 percent lower than in the Presidential primary, an unsurprising decline except for the fact that the Rainbow Coalition had registered thousands of new voters in the district in 1984. These newly registered voters did not respond to Golar's racial appeals.

According to exit polls, whites turned out in high numbers, but minority voting was much lower than expected. It's not clear why so many blacks stayed home. Thomas Cavanagh, a senior research associate at the Joint Center for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., which analyzes the role of blacks in the American political process, thinks the problem may well lie in the racial message. "We've found that often black voters do not respond well to overtly racial campaigns. They liked Jackson's Rainbow Coalition precisely because it seemed to them to be reaching out to other groups, not locking them out. There is an underlying dream in the black community to break down the barriers."

The primary in Queens also refuted the claims of some Jackson supporters that Jackson can guarantee votes, if not victory, for candidates of his choice. Like most politicians, Jackson is unable to transfer his personal popularity to others, a lesson that should not be lost on Walter Mondale. "If Jesse Jackson himself had been on the ballot, the outcome would have been a lot closer," says Queens Borough President Donald R. Manes. "But he wasn't, and he couldn't help Golar very much." Although Jackson defeated Mondale by 2 to 1 in the Sixth District last spring, his support then was largely symbolic. "When you are actually electing someone who could have a direct impact on you, symbols are much less important than substance," says Doug Schoen, a political consultant to the Golar campaign. (The same rule seemed to apply in a Washington, D.C., City Council primary, in which Jackson's support for one of two black candidates, Barbara Lett Simmons, failed to prevent a victory by incumbent Charlene Drew Jarvis—a Walter Mondale delegate to the Democratic Convention.) New black voters will in all likelihood go overwhelmingly for Mondale in November. But they will do that because Reagan inspires blacks to vote against him, not because Jackson has urged them to.

Finally, just as Jackson's role in getting out the new vote has been overestimated, his negative influence on the Democratic ticket may have been underestimated. In Queens, Golar lost a crucial bloc of white votes because of a backlash against what whites feared would be the consequences of black "empowerment." This may be part of a nationwide phenomenon that is especially evident in the South, where Jackson is likely to alienate as many white voters as he is to galvanize black voters. According to a recent study by the J.C.P.S. and the Gallup Organization, 17 percent of whites are less likely to vote for Mondale because of Jackson's endorsement, while 10 percent are more likely to vote for Mondale. That's a net loss of 7 percent. In the South, the corresponding figures were 19 and 8 percent, respectively, for a net loss of 11 percent. Admittedly, this is a soft statistic: voters who reacted adversely to Jackson's name when polled may not have him in mind when they enter the voting booth. But as the Queens primary demonstrated, the tendency toward white flight from the Democratic Party exists.

All summer long, the Democrats claimed that gains in voter registration among minorities, particularly blacks, would greatly exceed any losses resulting from a massive vote of newly registered whites for Reagan. So far, this has not been true. Over the last two years, an estimated 900,000 blacks have registered to vote, compared to nearly 4 million whites. The J.C.P.S./Gallup survey reveals that though 88 percent of newly registered blacks will vote for Mondale, 68 percent of the whites prefer Reagan. That translates to 2 million votes for Mondale and 2.8 million for Reagan. In other words, Reagan gains 800,000 votes thanks to registration. Preston Love, executive director of the Rainbow Coalition, responds that the enthusiasm of blacks for Jackson will make them more likely to actually vote in November than whites. But for now, the Democrats are losing the registration game. Because Jackson cannot deliver enough black voters, and drives away many white ones, his help may be the kind Mondale's campaign does not need.

ANTONY J. BLINKEN

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The price of peace in Amherst.

SMALL-TOWN FREEZE

Amherst, Massachusetts

AMHERST IS a small university town bounded to the east by the wooded hills of Pelham, to the south by the modest mountains of the Holyoke range which on sunny days turn a delicate china blue, and to the west by the rich corn and asparagus farmland which runs all the way to the Connecticut River. Almost anyone who visits this valley of western Massachusetts with its small-town air and bucolic surroundings, its farms, five colleges, and polite people, feels a velleity to stay, and sooner or later uses a word to describe the place at which local people smile and shrug, so often have they heard it: "idyllic." And yet at its spring town meeting on May 17, amid polarized feelings and angry speeches, Amherst passed the most radically pacifist bylaw yet ventured in the United States.

This attempt by a small and nominally educated New England town to declare itself a "Nuclear-Free Zone"—not merely in the form of a resolution, but as a bylaw with strict enforcement powers upon individuals, businesses, and universities—raises interesting questions about the institutions which sponsored or permitted it, about American political maturity, and about the curious commingling of New England pietism with the "granola" left. The resulting hybrid, what one might call the mystic left, celebrates primitive emotions (such as fear) as a sort of golden key to moral truth and political action. This is central to the Quaker creed, and whatever else one can say of the American Friends Service Committee hereabouts, it cannot be said they have been slouches.

Their literature is featured in many Amherst churches. One such publication, called *Peace Work*, celebrates a number of zealots who broke into the Avco missile plant in Wilmington, Massachusetts, where they poured blood on blueprints and battered testing equipment with hammers. The lobby of the Unitarian church carries a single poster which says: STOP THE SECOND WAVE OF U.S. MISSILES TO EUROPE. WITHDRAW ALL CRUISE AND PERSHING II MISSILES ALREADY DEPLOYED. The most prominent pamphlet in Grace Episcopal Church praises the Marxist guerrillas of El Salvador, fighting—so its Quaker author explained—for a life "more in congruence with the spirit of social justice which runs through the New Testament."

Some months earlier the new minister of the First Congregational Church, Reverend Jeanette Good, said in an interview with the *Amherst Bulletin* that the ethic of America is "an ethic of greed," and that her missionary work in Brazil taught her "how everything from America affects the poor" and that "the root of the problem is a sickness in the hearts of the American people." She has since given a large office in her church to local peace activists.

The events leading to the passage of the Amherst bylaw proceeded as follows: a tiny announcement appeared in the local paper announcing that there would be a public hearing on April 26 about a proposal to make Amherst a Nuclear-Free Zone. A sign in front of the Unitarian church seemed at once to announce the hearing to the faithful and calm potential opponents by describing the envisaged act as harmless and anodyne. But an alert citizen and a critical observer of the peace movement, Janice Goshko, noticed the sign. She went to town officials to see just how the proposed bylaw was worded. Its provisions went well beyond a similiar act which the city of Cambridge had recently defeated. She went to the hearing, where some two dozen supporters of the proposal were present. No more than three or four people had come to challenge the proposal. Its provisions state: "No person, corporation, public or private education facility, laboratory institution, or other entity shall intentionally, knowingly, or having reason to know, engage in the production of nuclear weapons or components thereof within the Town of Amherst." The town is also prohibited from granting contracts to any person or institution that might be associated with nuclear weapon production—or even investing in any businesses that do.

A watchdog committee to be appointed by the town and called the Nuclear-Free Amherst Committee shall "oversee adherence to this act." The committee's responsibilities include: instructing the selectmen how to end all investments with any company associated with the nuclear taint; prohibiting the transport of any nuclear weapon component through the town; making sure no scientist at the university or the local colleges does research or enters into contract with the federal government if nuclear weapons are concerned; seeing to it that any person or business interested in a contract with the town "certify by notarized statement to the town clerk and the Nuclear-Free Amherst Committee that it is not engaged in activities prohibited by this Act." Finally, the town "shall place and maintain signs reading NUCLEAR-FREE ZONE at all town limit sign post locations."

AT THE HEARING Arnold Silver, professor of English at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, protested that this act combined the zeal of a New England witch-hunt with the parochialism of a southern town in bygone years claiming "states' rights" to trample rights plainly defended by the Constitution. On a slightly different note, Robert Romer, professor of physics at Amherst College, described his own participation in peace vigils on the town green, and went on to explain that this proposal would be an interference by a town into even the private research undertaken by scientists, and as such would violate academic freedom.

After the hearing Goshko contacted area newspapers to notify them that this was no ordinary proposal and that public scrutiny of its provisions was essential before the upcoming town meeting, just weeks away. The editors yawned.

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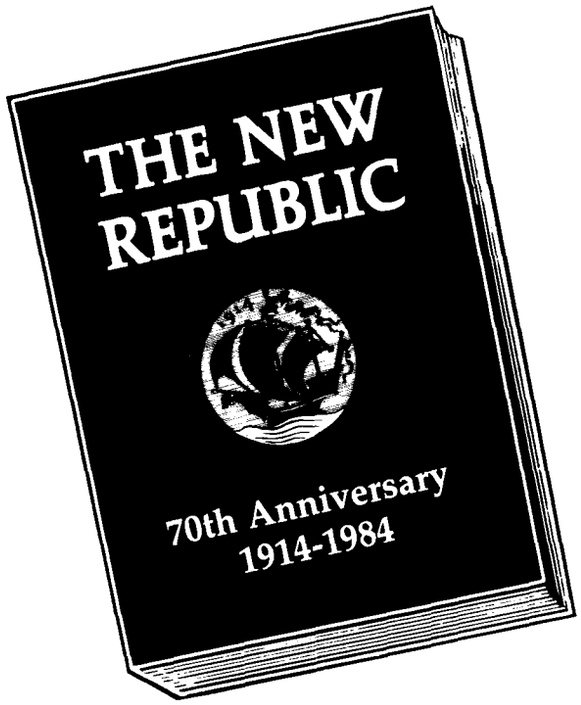
"Don't give up the ship."



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The University of Massachusetts showed mild concern. Officials met with the peace activists, and tried to get them to tone down the provisions which called for the town committee to oversee, and pass judgment on, the research of scientists. All that officials could negotiate with the activists was a stipulation that one member of the town committee would be a university scientist. In a singular demonstration of spinelessness, the university then dropped its objection to the proposed bylaw. Local private colleges performed still worse. Neither the president of Hampshire College nor the acting president of Amherst College piped a word of protest. *Sic transit* academic freedom, if "peace" is the cause in whose name it must be immolated.

Meanwhile, with the newspapers treating the bylaw as if it were just another toothless resolution, May 17 crept up quietly. Whereas the Cambridge proposal was preceded by vocal and extensive public debate, and *The Boston Globe*'s editorial condemnation of the Nuclear-Free Zone proposal assisted in its defeat, the only editorial comment in the Amherst area was by a small, newly formed free-distribution paper, appropriately named *The Sentinel*. Its editor Steven Barrett wryly commented that having taken on the policies of national defense, Amherst no doubt would soon be forming its own Department of State, sending ambassadors to the U.N., and placing orders with the local tailor for striped pants.

After six exhausting evenings, Article 65 to make Amherst a Nuclear-Free Zone came up for a vote on May 17. It was presented by its sponsors, Michelle Leaf, an activist attorney and resident of the town of Leverett, north of Amherst; and Francis Fortino, a resident of Amherst and an unemployed high school teacher. Then the article's supporters gave a succession of speeches in favor of peace, flowers, and small children, with the dark implication that any who might criticize their particular solution to the world's problems are opposed to these things.

THE TWO noteworthy speeches of opposition came from Janice Goshko's husband, Robert Goshko, and Arnold Silver. Goshko reminded the town that America is a nation of laws, that the U.S. Constitution is the supreme law of the land; that even local officials are sworn to uphold it; that foreign and defense policy are the exclusive domain of the national government, not of states, counties, or municipalities; and that Article VI asserts that the powers granted the federal government supersede state and local laws. Therefore the courts would strike down Article 65 as null and void.

Silver spoke to the substantive issue, explaining that the bylaw was a transparent declaration for unilateral disarmament; that it sought no parallel restraints on Soviet scientists or industry; that bylaws of this kind would discourage the Soviet Union from resuming talks on arms reductions; and that if towns across the country were able to impose such a measure it would become impossible for us to ship weapons requested by our allies for their defense. At these words the peace activists in the hall, unable to restrain themselves, laughed and cheered.

After an hour and a half of discussion and debate, a supporter called the question. Article 65 passed by 101 votes to 60. Of the total of 240 persons permitted to vote (the townsfolk elect representatives called "Town Meeting Members"), some 70 hadn't bothered to come.

Two consequences round out this little tale. The people of Amherst are now beginning to weigh the practical effects of their elected town members' enthusiastic moralism. Depending on what portions of the bylaw the Massachusetts Attorney General lets stand, the town hall and all the schools may yet have to renounce IBM typewriters, AT&T phone service, and Ford police cruisers; and to divest Amherst of its sinful investments, which would seem to include U.S. Savings Bonds. Even the simple matter of purchasing light bulbs may be affected. Every major light bulb manufacturer, it seems, has links to the nuclear network. But the pacifists have a solution; apparently, an obscure hardware company exists in Baltimore from which Amherst may righteously buy its light bulbs. Or, failing that, a pacifist newsletter helpfully suggests, we could purchase them from Poland or Hungary. Already the high schools are in a quandary over some IBM word processors they were going to order. Meanwhile, Leaf says that if frustrated by the state attorney general, she and her cohorts will pursue the Nuclear-Free Zone cause all the way to the Supreme Court.

The more humble consequence has occurred on the other side. Those of us who have spoken out in protest were unknown to each other five months ago. The tyranny of small-town political conformism (once conservative, now "liberal") had locked us off in isolated redoubts of private life. The discovery that people of centrist views can fill a living room in the Amherst area has come as an astonishment. The idea then arose that we might establish ourselves as an ongoing association, shaping for the first time the other half of a debate which until now has amounted to a left-wing monologue. We decided our membership would be open to persons of either political party who wish to articulate and defend America's best traditional values. At our first get-together, when we asked what we might call our association, we began working "Citizens for . . . ," several persons suddenly hit on it simultaneously: Citizens for Common Sense.

Postscript: anticipating a negative judgment by the Massachusetts Attorney General on the constitutionality of Article 65, Amherst's Board of Selectmen have adopted (by four votes to one) the contracts and investments provisions of it as a simple resolution. Signs will soon appear on all major roads announcing Amherst as a "Nuclear-Free Zone."

ANDRÉ RYERSON

André Ryerson, a former professor of French at Amherst College, is a painter and writer. He is currently writing a novel entitled *Toymaker*.

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How violence is built into America's prisons.

RULE OF THE CRUEL

BY STEVE LERNER

MARCY SOLER had three weapons: a knife, a lead pipe, and a razor. He bought his knife for five packs of cigarettes the day he arrived at the Eastern Correctional Facility at Napanoch, New York, where he was serving a year of an eighteen-month sentence for the illegal sale of narcotics. "It was not like a knife you would buy in a store," he told me,"but it could do the same job." Fashioned in the metal shop and fitted with a wooden handle, the knife was part of Soler's survival kit. He crafted another lethal weapon with a razor blade, tape, and a toothbrush that he kept hidden under his mattress. A length of lead pipe, buried in the recreation yard, served as additional insurance.

Soler says he witnessed two men being raped during his stint in state prison. "When you see that happening, you just keep walking. If you stick around, the guards will claim you were waiting in line or keeping watch." At other times, Soler, now a counselor for former convicts in New York City, saw inmates "cut up real bad" or severely beaten. "You've got keep in mind that it doesn't concern you," he continued. "You want to help the guy, but prison is no place to be a Good Samaritan if you want to come out in one piece."

Contrary to what most of us assume from stories in the press, it is not riots and the taking of hostages that is the most prevalent and dangerous form of violence in prison but attacks upon inmates by other inmates. Although there is a dearth of hard statistics, there is no question that noncollective violence has been escalating in our prisons since the 1960s. I recently toured seven adult jails and prisons for men in New York and spent two years studying correctional facilities for California's most violent young offenders. The dozens of inmates, correctional officers, criminologists, prison administrators, architects, and planners whom I interviewed agreed that prison violence is being exacerbated not only by the unprecedented growth of the prison population in the past decade, but by the kinds of facilities in which we house our criminal population.

The figures are startling. In state and federal prisons the population rose from 196,000 in 1972 to a record 454,000 in 1984. Between 1978 and 1982 the population of our jails grew by a third, from 158,000 to 210,000. This massive increase has ignited a prison building boom. New construction is underway across the nation, especially in the South, and new prisons are on the drawing boards in many other states. Texas, for example, added 6,485 prison beds through new construction and renovation in 1983 alone. California currently has 19,400 beds under construction in twelve new facilities and plans for an additional 16,000 beds.

These facilities, once completed, will shape the lives of millions of Americans for decades to come. Constructed with massive slabs of concrete and steel, they will also prove difficult to humanize because prisons are often more expensive to renovate than to build anew. Although approaches to working with prisoners change from decade to decade, prison architecture is less flexible. Once a mistaken design is adopted, the facility can last for up to a hundred years. For example, at least half of all felons are currently incarcerated in maximum-security facilities built more than seventy years ago, even though many of these institutions have long been judged obsolete or inappropriate. Thus the way in which we spend the billions of dollars appropriated for construction will lock us into a criminal justice strategy for the next century. Our current tactic of cloning prisons that have proved over the decades to be inhuman, inefficient, costly, and dangerous is a mistake of enormous magnitude.

Sing Sing, formally known as the Ossining Correctional Facility, is a good example of how not to build a prison. Constructed 159 years ago in Ossining, New York, it looks like a prison out of the old-time movies. In fact, James Cagney and other actors used to visit Sing Sing to study the mannerisms of real-life bad guys. Warner Brothers was so grateful for the cooperation it got from the prison's administrators that it built a huge gymnasium for the cons—complete with concrete stands and a parquet basketball court—that is still in use today. The real monument at Sing Sing, however, is not the Warner Brothers basketball court but the huge conglomerations of cells in A and B Blocks, where more than a thousand of the prison's 2,250 inmates are held. B Block is the larger of the two, with 620 men locked in cages piled five high in an area somewhat smaller than a football field. The feeling of being in a zoo is unmistakable. The cells are freestanding in the center of a huge room, so that you can walk around them as you would a giant aviary. On the steel bars at the front of the cells, inmates weave cardboard partitions or hang clothes to fashion a screen that gives them some privacy.

Steve Lerner is a freelance writer based in New York.

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Periodically guards patrol the catwalks, knocking down these forbidden, makeshift walls with their nightsticks. Cyclone fence covers the catwalks in front of the cells, preventing those who are in arrears on their gambling debts or who have failed to pay promptly for drugs from being pushed off the upper tiers. But violence is impossible to control in an environment such as this: my guide informed me that the day before my visit, an inmate had been beaten senseless with a blunt instrument in one of the many corridors that catacomb the prison.

ATTICA State Correctional Facility, located near Buffalo in western New York, looks like a child's fantasy of a prison. The 40-foot walls that surround the 52-acre facility are studded with turreted watchtowers, each complete with gunports and weathervanes. Inside is a maze of enclosed corridors where companies of inmates walking two abreast are escorted to and from meals under careful supervision. Since the famous riot in 1971, in which forty-three people were killed when authorities regained control of the prison, Attica observes at all mealtimes what inmates and guards refer to as "the ritual of the gas." From the central junction of corridors, known as "Times Square," guards with tear-gas guns are dispatched to strategic positions where they can oversee the movement of inmates. A pair of correctional officers is placed in stations overlooking the huge cafeterias: one with a camera to document disturbances, the other with a tear-gas gun.

Attica feels like the brig on a battleship; the civilian world seems a distant and foreign country. The guards appear to be in firm control. A company of fifty silent inmates—dressed mostly in jeans, t-shirts, head bands, and stocking caps—files past, carrying brown paper bags filled with groceries bought at the canteen. No talking or smoking is allowed in the corridors. The buildings and connecting corridors are laid out in squares which enclose vast recreation courtyards where a half-dozen inmates can be seen lifting barbells in tennis shoes and sweatshirts under a light snow. Pumping iron, push-ups, shadowboxing, and all manner of body-building activities are a common sight. Bulging muscles appear to send a signal to other inmates to keep their distance.

There are countless sources of conflict in crowded and ill-designed prisons like Attica and Sing Sing, which are structured and administered in a way that ensures the safety of neither prisoners nor guards. Race riots can break out over whether the TV is tuned to an English- or a Spanish-speaking station. Melees have been sparked by disputes over how long someone is spending on the only available public telephone. Bad food, cold food, or food that isn't served on time can cause a prison to erupt. The drug traffic, protection rackets, sex, and arguments over poker debts can also incite bloody violence.

Frank Rodriguez, a slight, young Hispanic man serving twenty-five years to life for murder, compares Attica favorably to Sing Sing, which he says was not adequately controlled by the guards. "The enemy here is the other inmates," Rodriguez observes. "After years inside people get bored and start looking for some action. Pressure builds up and people want to get off [fight] with someone. It is still very dangerous in here in many ways. People might think you're a snitch, have a personal thing against you, or be jealous of you because of your job." Rodriguez has an enviable job as the clerk of his cell block because he is bilingual, can type, and is sentenced to a long term. "You have to learn to be hard to live here," Rodriguez says, "and to avoid people who are crazy or of very low intelligence—either can get you in trouble real fast."

Another Attica resident, Rudolph Schraeder, says that inmates are masters at sniffing out weakness in others. I picked Schraeder out of a company of men because he was one of the few white faces on his tier. Schraeder has served time at most of the major correctional facilities in New York, including Green Haven, Clinton, Comstock, Elmira, and Sing Sing. At the age of 30, he has already served eight years for manslaughter, eighteen months for a parole violation, and has just started a three-to-six-year sentence for assault. "Sure it's scary in here," Schraeder says in a private conversation. "If someone wants to kill you, they can." Fights are rarely fair in prison, he continues. People get blind-sided or knifed in the back. "Wherever I am, I always know where I can get my hands on a weapon real fast. But I'm not worried about getting hurt," he says, "because people know I'll hurt them if they try anything." He has already had his first fight at Attica. He claims to have been slashed with a razor at Green Haven Correctional Facility. In a Nassau County jail he said he had to fight for his life in a multi-occupancy cell where he was the only white among a largely Hispanic population. "They were just seeing if they could push me around," he recalls.

I learned that in many East Coast prisons an inmate who has been forced into a subordinate role in the pecking order is often nicknamed "Maytag" after the washing machine that is reputed to rarely break down. When Maytag is summoned on the cell block, he comes running to wash the socks and dirty underwear of his masters. Whatever other humiliations he must suffer, having buckled under to the bullies, remains to the imagination.

A SERIES OF articles in *Corrections Magazine* (an aggressively investigative journal that recently ceased publication) chronicled the terrors of prison life in California, Puerto Rico, and Florida in 1982 and 1983. At the Deuel Vocational Institute in Tracy, California, there were reports in 1982 of a stabbing or major fight almost every day. Much of the violence in California prisons is instigated by racial gangs such as Nuestra Familia, the Black Guerrilla Family, and the Aryan Brotherhood. The San Jose Police Department, which keeps statistics on gang violence, estimates that between 1975 and 1979 these gangs were responsible for 342 homicides outside the prison walls and 124 murders within. In Puerto Rican facilities there were 38 homicides among a population of 4,500 inmates in 1983, a higher rate than was experienced by

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California, where there were 15 homicides among 29,000 prisoners, and Texas where 12 inmates were murdered among 31,000. Puerto Rican prisons are well known for their squalid conditions. In one prison, dubbed the Casa Del Diablo, inmates "fish" for rats with baited hooks, catching fifteen to twenty a night. A class-action suit over living conditions in Puerto Rican prisons revealed that psychotic inmates had been caged naked without bedding or toilet facilities.

Corrections Magazine also reported that a court-ordered investigation of conditions in one Florida prison in 1980 found that "assaults, rapes, robberies, shootings, and stabbings were commonplace even in high-confinement, lock-down areas." Homosexuality was said to be the greatest cause of violence: most homicides and cases of aggravated assault occurred in fights over a control of a homosexual or submissive person. A correctional officer quoted in a report to a state legislator said that a young inmate's chances of avoiding rape were "almost zero. . . . He'll get raped within the first twenty-four to forty-eight hours. That's almost standard."

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to know how many inmates are killed or hurt through prison violence. The number of deaths attributed to "unknown causes" or "accidents" makes the total number of inmates murdered nebulous, but a good guess would be that many of these inmates were killed by unidentified assailants. According to Lawrence Greenfeld, a statistician at the Justice Department's Bureau of Justice Statistics, of the 779 inmates of state and federal prisons reported to have died in 1982 (the statistics do not include those who died in local jails) 357 died of non-natural causes. Of these deaths, 99 were "caused by another," 147 were from "unknown causes," 92 were suicides, and 19 were "accidents." Greenfeld points out that the murder rate of inmates is actually lower than it is among men of the same age not in prison. However, when one adds the number of inmates who died from "unknown causes" to those whose deaths were "caused by another," the rate of violent death in prison exceeds that in the outside world.

In addition to inmate-against-inmate violence, there is always the potential of violence between inmates and guards. Although most inmates are probably more afraid of one another than they are of the guards, some inmates fear guard brutality the most. "There's a war going on here," says Jack Archie, a young, bespectacled black man from Buffalo who is serving a four-and-a-half to nine-year term at Attica. Archie complains that the guards don't "show the inmates any respect." There is talk, he adds, that inmates are beaten by guards as they are being taken to the Segregated Housing Unit—the disciplinary lock-up area—for infractions of the rules.

I was denied permission to visit the Segregated Housing Unit at both Attica and Sing Sing. According to prison administrators, the unit is no different from other parts of the prison except that certain privileges extended elsewhere in the prison are suspended. Officials also explain that a number of the disciplinary cells are covered with plexiglass so that inmates cannot throw cups of urine or excrement at passing guards. Inmates in Segregated Housing are grounded in the cell twenty-three hours a day. They are not allowed out to fraternize with other prisoners in the big recreation yard, in the communal cafeterias, or at work assignments. At the canteen they are allowed only to buy hygienic products and stationery. Finally, they can have neither a radio nor a tape recorder to pass the time. The law requires, however, that they be allowed out of their cells an hour a day for exercise, that they have access to books from the law library, and that they be allowed visits from friends and relatives.

Part of the cause of friction between inmates and guards at Attica is the shortage of black or Hispanic correctional officers. Attica employs 571 white and 13 minority correctional officers to guard an inmate population that is 70 percent black or Hispanic. It is difficult, according to Deputy Superintendent William McAnulty, to convince minority correctional officers to stay on at Attica because the surrounding towns have no minority community. Attica's remote, rural location—a twenty-four hour round-trip excursion from New York City, where most of the inmates come from—also reduces contact with family and friends, further heightening tensions within the institution.

Still, there is no question that over the last decade the opening of the jails and prisons to court inspections, state monitoring boards, and the media have reduced guard brutality. The considerable increase in funds available for corrections has raised correctional officer salaries and has allowed departments to become more selective in their acceptance of applicants. The fact that corrections has become a recognized field of study has also brought about a growing professionalism at all levels. The old macho approach to keeping inmates in line by busting heads is less and less in evidence. Ultimately, inmates and guards share a common interest in improved conditions in prisons. Overcrowding, inadequate services, idle inmates, badly designed facilities, lack of correctional officer training, and involuntary overtime on shifts can lead to guards being hurt or occasionally killed as well as inmate casualties.

WHY SHOULD YOU care about prison violence? There are a couple of good selfish reasons. The most obvious is that you or someone close to you may one day find yourself in jail on some petty charge and end up being savaged. More compelling is the argument that prison has become one of the chief brutalizing agents in our society, making life less safe for all of us. It doesn't take a multi-million dollar study or a Ph.D. to recognize that men and women who have been subjected to brutality in our prisons are likely to pass on their trauma once released. And don't think they won't be released: more than nine out of ten of those we incarcerate end up back on the streets. When a man—humiliated by the conditions of his confinement and outraged by his treatment at the hands of in-

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mates and guards—subsequently takes out his rage on the first defenseless civilian who has the misfortune of crossing his path, the cycle of violence is complete.

This does not mean that we should abandon the use of prisons, as some advocate. Rather, it suggests that we should build better, safer prisons and be considerably more selective about whom we put in them. Our current strategy of locking up growing numbers of people for longer terms in more and more crowded facilities is producing prison graduates who are increasingly violent. This is hardly a service to society.

As Alfred Blumstein, a criminologist from Carnegie-Mellon University, argues, we must begin to look at berths in prison as a scarce resource which should be used only for those convicts who represent the greatest threat to society. This will require the development of a system that deals with violent offenders and those who repeatedly commit serious crimes in a different manner than it handles drug addicts, prostitutes, alcoholics, and property offenders. These latter cases should be placed in community-based programs that closely supervise inmates in secure residential facilities, but that also help train and reintegrate the offender back into society.

Admittedly there are major obstacles to a transition to community-based facilities for nonserious offenders. First, many communities refuse to accept correctional facilities of any kind for fear that crime will increase and property values will decline as a result. Many cities now simply ship out their convicted criminals to facilities located in remote rural areas—out of sight, out of mind. To remedy this, state laws should be enacted requiring that urban communities find sites for small correctional programs adequate to handle the number of convicted criminals who come from their area.

SECOND, there is a lack of strong political leadership willing to confront the popular myth that locking up more people constitutes a solution to crime. Though there are certain violent criminals who must be locked up and kept off the street, there is a much larger number of less serious offenders for whom prison is a costly and inefficient response. What is now lacking is the political will to back the development of alternatives to jail and to support the judges who prescribe them for these less serious cases.

Third, the idea of the old-style prison needs to be abandoned. When we do build prisons, we should construct so-called "new generation jails," facilities that incorporate what has been painfully learned over the last decade. "New generation jails" are smaller than the Sing Sings and the Atticas of today, they are located near the cities from which the inmates come, and they include a number of design features giving the inmate greater individual choice while increasing inmate and guard safety. If we are going to build or expand hundreds of new jails and prisons, we should at least build state-of-the-art prisons, and not copy the dinosaur-like monstrosities we have inherited.

Over the last decade architects and criminologists have learned a lot about how to build prisons that minimize violence. Most criminologists agree that the single greatest improvement that could be made in American correctional facilities (aside from building prisons of a smaller scale) would be to provide each inmate with a room of his or her own. Dormitories with more than thirty inmates create some of the most violent and nightmarish conditions whereby the most brutal inmates and not the guards are in control. The one man-one cell reform, however, must be combined with rules which ensure that every few hours during the day, prisoners have the option of leaving their room. Otherwise these single-rooms could become places of solitary confinement.

THE RENOVATED Manhattan House of Detention in New York City, known for years as the Tombs, is an example of the "new generation jail." Judge Morris Lasker, who in the early 1970s described the old Tombs as the American equivalent of the Black Hole of Calcutta, closed the jail in 1974. Before it was condemned, some 2,000 inmates were routinely held in the facility which had been designed for 800. The Tombs re-opened in October 1983; it now has a capacity of only 421. In addition to this substantial reduction in population, the renovated jail provides each inmate with his own room and a window that looks out on the city. Tension among inmates is further reduced by dividing the institution's population into three manageable mini-jails, each with its own supervisory staff. These mini-jails are further divided into living units of thirty-eight cells which are clustered in a semicircle around a day room. A correctional officer sitting at a control station can see the entrance of all the rooms and let inmates in or out of them with the flip of a switch.

The outstanding feature of this new concept in jail design is that by clustering small groups of cells around common rooms and allowing inmates to go in and out of their rooms pretty much as they like during the day, the inmates gain control over their dealings with others. This in turn allows them to relax and be less aggressive in protecting their territory. Furthermore, whereas the old-style jail cells are built in a long line that lets out onto a corridor, here they open onto a common room where inmates and correctional officers rub shoulders. This is crucial because it means that the guards no longer cede control of communal living areas to the strongest inmates, as frequently happens in old-fashioned facilities.

At the new Tombs the inmate rooms are built on the outer wall of the jail and provide each prisoner with a window to look out on the world; most traditional jails are built without windows in the cells. The inmate's cell is equipped with a door instead of a sliding metal grill, which gives him some privacy, while allowing the guard to check up on him through a small window in the door. The common room is split-level and allows inmates to go off in a number of semi-private areas that are nevertheless easily visible to the guards. Two television sets provide English and Spanish alternatives. Tables and chairs are

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not bolted to the floor, but can be arranged by the inmates at their discretion. Contact visits and reasonable access to telephones keeps inmates from being cut off from those who are important in their lives.

To some this may sound like a country club for coddling criminals, but to those who work in prisons the initial investment in a reasonably habitable living environment quickly pays off. To begin with, administrators at the Tombs are convinced that the new generation design has cut down on both inmate-on-inmate fights and on guard-inmate violence. Inmates are more relaxed when they are in smaller groups, the living units area is quieter, and there is a more normal pattern of interaction. Not surprisingly, people seem to act more reasonably when they are treated like adults and not presented with a stripped- and bolted-down environment that anticipates violence. To be sure, there are some inmates who are so uncontrollable that they cannot handle even the modest freedom of movement that this environment permits. These people have to be kept on another floor, where they are let out of their rooms in smaller groups or, in some cases, alone. But for the majority of the population, this is not necessary.

WILL THE NEW generation jails reduce inmate violence? Some skeptics remain unconvinced. They point to the experience of the Mecklenberg Correctional Center in Virginia, which opened in 1977 and incorporated some advanced design features, such as breaking up the inmate population into small units. Despite these innovations, the prison suffered the largest jailbreak of Death Row inmates in U.S. history last May, and in August inmates seized nine hostages during a nineteen-hour incident.

But Mecklenberg in many respects does not differ from old-style prisons. It is located in an isolated area which makes it difficult for family and friends to visit. Inmates are also idle during much of the day because there is no vocational training and few other activities. Barriers such as glass control booths and isolated cells cause inmates to have little contact with guards. Finally, Virginia prison administrators made the mistake of concentrating all their disciplinary troublemakers from other facilities at Mecklenberg. Not surprisingly, the Mecklenberg experiment has proven less than exemplary.

Others have more fundamental questions about whether or not improved conditions will reduce prison violence. In an article called "Prison Violence and the Paradox of Reform" in the Fall 1983 issue of *The Public Interest*, Stanley Rothman and Kathleen Engel argue that the epidemic of violence in correctional facilities coincides with the prison reform movement of the 1960s and 1970s and the increasingly active role of the courts in improving prison conditions. They further suggest that during this period of liberalization the power of the old inmate elite was eroded, and that as the old order crumbled, tensions and disturbances in prisons increased. They say a number of reforms, including greater unsupervised inmate mobility within the prisons and power sharing between prison administrators and leaders of inmate gangs in some facilities resulted in increased inmate-against-inmate violence.

Rothman and Engel have a point: the rapid expansion of prisoner rights did cause some excesses which made inmates more vulnerable to violence than they had been in the old, more authoritarian era. Increased mobility for prisoners within their institutions took place in under-supervised and therefore unsafe conditions. Attempts to share power with inmate gangs, while acknowledging the fact that these gangs controlled the living quarters of the prison, often proved disastrous. Even seemingly petty reforms such as allowing prisoners to retain personal jewelry such as rings and gold chains often led to violent rip-offs.

But Rothman and Engel seem to miss the underlying fact that the extension of prison rights took place in overcrowded, oversized, ill-designed facilities which themselves created an environment in which violence was bound to escalate. In addition to increasing the likelihood of violence, poorly designed prisons vitiate the possibility of rehabilitative programs having any positive effect. A prisoner who feels he has to watch his back to stay alive will have little attention available for vocational training or psychological counseling. It is worth noting that the failure of rehabilitation programs introduced during the 1960s and 1970s took place in facilities which undercut them from the outset. In effect we made the mistake of trying to rehabilitate inmates before providing them with a reasonably safe environment in which to live.

HOW GOOD should a jail be? How safe is safe enough? For my money, a good jail should be safe enough for an innocent man or woman to stay there without being unduly jeopardized. If prisons have a dense population of violent people, they also have a high density of law enforcement supervision. Perhaps one way to encourage the development of safe jails would be to require lawyers and judges to spend two weeks in jail every five years. This would put a powerful lobby behind improving prison conditions. Something on this order happened in Nevada in 1971, when twenty-three judges spent a single night in Nevada State Prison. They emerged from the prison, *Time* magazine reports, appalled at the homosexuality and inmate bitterness, and at men "raving, screaming, and pounding the walls." Judge E. Newton Vickers said "I felt like an animal in a cage" and recommended that bulldozers be dispatched to tear the "damn thing to the ground."

Realistically, of course, we can't tear down all our obsolete prisons—although the worst of them should be replaced as soon as possible. What we certainly can do is make it as safe to be in prison as to be out of it. Prisoners are at once the most despised group in our society and the group most dependent on the protection of the state. Permitting them to serve their punishment in an atmosphere at least as free from terror and violence as the outside world is a test of our collective self-respect, and ultimately a matter of our collective self-interest. □

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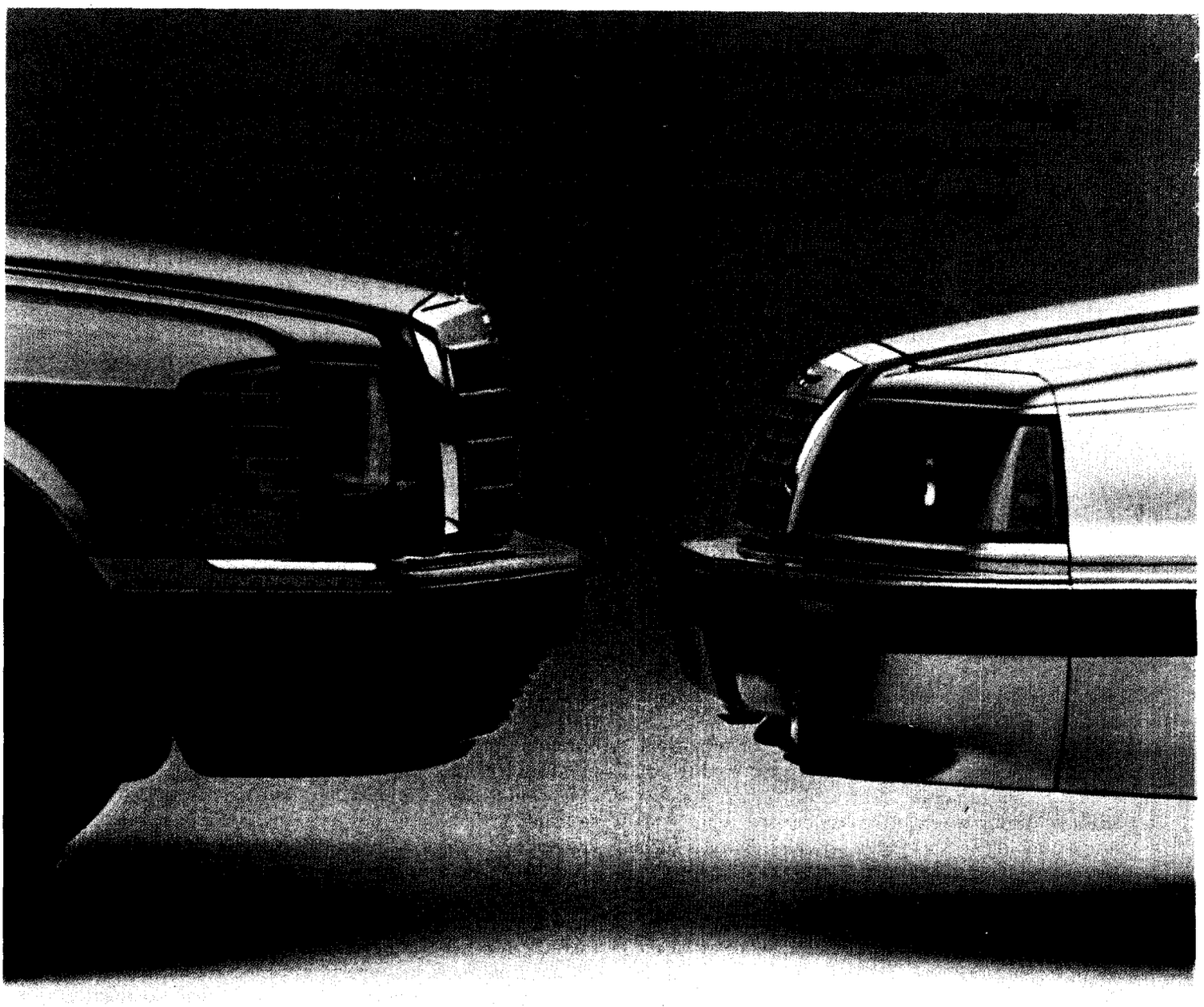

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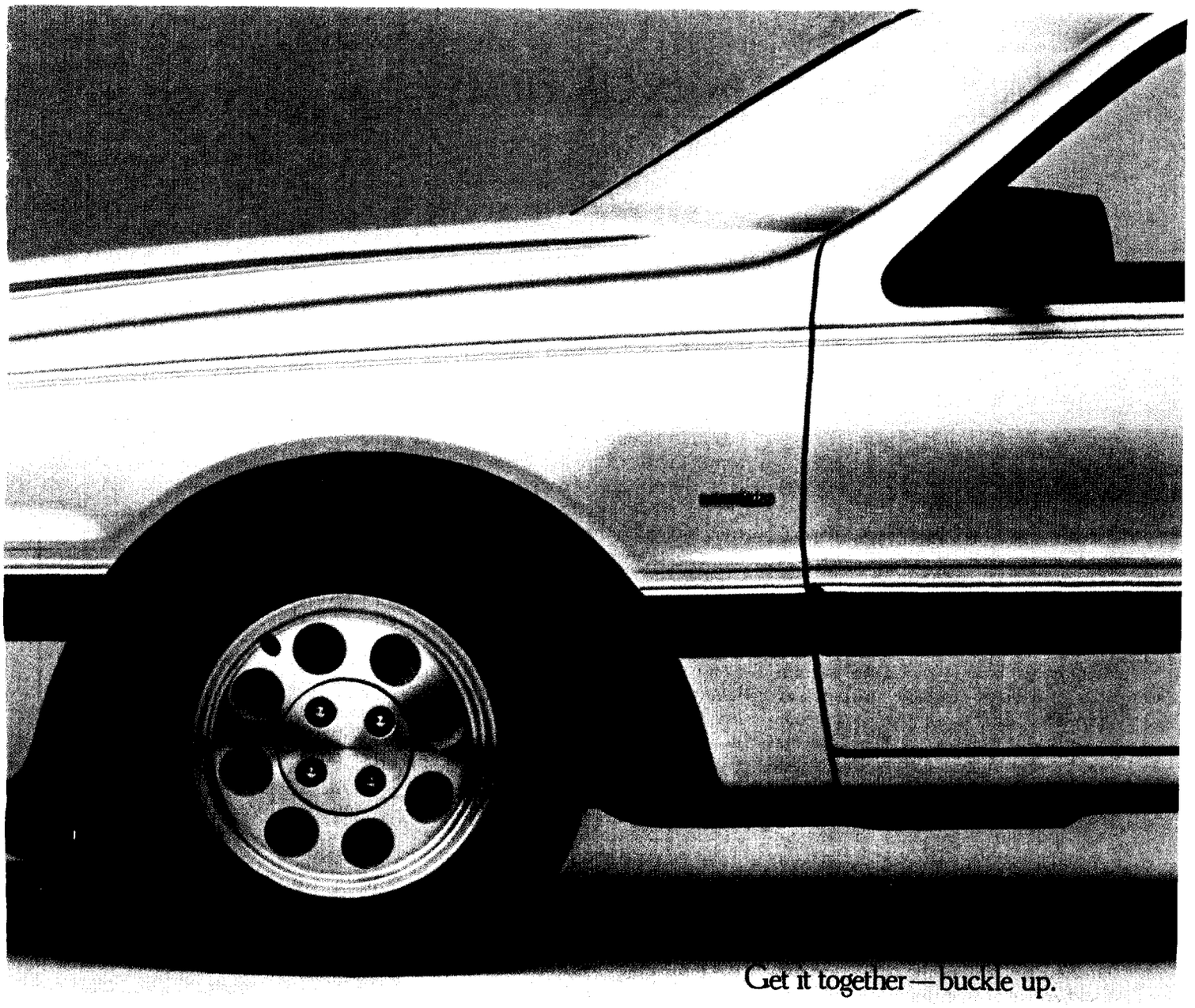

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Fall Roundup

A Soldier's Story. It was called *A Soldier's Play* in the theater, and the change is more than in title. Charles Fuller's play, produced by the Negro Ensemble Company, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1982, which seemed to me one more award for attempt rather than for accomplishment. The play, set on an army base in Louisiana in 1944, deals with the troubles of a black army captain, a lawyer, sent to that base to investigate the murder of a black sergeant, an old army pro. The captain, running into personal resentment because of his color and rank, encounters further opposition from the brass: they wish he would not roil up a situation that they want to fold up and file away. Two themes run through the play. The first is racial friction because of the relatively new rise of blacks in the army. (During World War II, stories were plentiful about occasions when German prisoners were treated better than the American black soldiers guarding them.) The other, more interesting because more enlightening to many in the audience, is the stratification among blacks themselves, feelings of caste and the resultant animosities.

A Soldier's Story
(Columbia)

The Brother from Another Planet
(Cinecom International)

The Ploughman's Lunch
(Samuel Goldwyn)

Full Moon in Paris
(Orion)

But Fuller's dramaturgy had the effect of a series of rough-cut beads on a coarse string. I felt that I was watching a series of office scenes in which the captain said, "Now send in Corporal Jones," and while Jones was answering questions, we got a flashback to enact what he was describing. The mechanics creaked.

On screen, with relatively few alterations, the same process flows and grows. (Fuller did his own screenplay.) The difference lies chiefly in the term "flashback." The theatrical flashback, in most cases, seems an insert, an interruption of the "present" play to provide necessary information. On screen the flashback can—often does—*replace* the "present" story with a contrapuntal current of life. In Fuller's play the flashbacks seemed a confession that he couldn't handle his story in the "present." In his screenplay two time planes exist, each in its own right, and in the second plane, the captain is almost a time traveler moving back imaginatively into past events.

Now, though it's hardly deep, the work holds, and the themes are thus more pungently realized. Norman Jewison put his directing skills completely at the service of straightforward storytelling. As the captain, Howard E. Rollins Jr., who was in *Ragtime*, tries hard to be a new Sidney Poitier but lacks Poitier's effortless power. Rollins has to strive, with jaw muscles frequently, but he does all right. Three members of the N.E.C. repeat their roles. Larry Riley is again amiable and fetching as the guitar-playing country boy. Denzel Washington is wiry and passionate as the bespectacled dissident. And the pivotal character, the disciplinary sergeant, is the iron-voiced Adolph Caesar. Caesar is, in style, a somewhat large actor, but in this role, at least, the part he plays can be seen as the part the sergeant is playing in "real" life.

The Brother from Another Planet. In Europe there is—or was—the profession of student, which one could follow for much of one's life. John Sayles is apparently following the pattern in the United States: he is going to be a student filmmaker much of his life. This is, by my count, his fourth film, and in fluency it is still back at Square One. Budget can't be the whole problem: even this crude cinematography could have been better composed; and the editing, done by Sayles, didn't have to look *all* the time as if the film were being patched together out of insufficient footage. And Sayles's direction of actors is as unsteady as ever: he has a weak sense of timing.

His script concerns a black visitor from outer space—played agreeably enough by Joe Morton—whose only differences from mortals are his three-toed feet, the healing power in his hands, and his innate sensitivity to electronics. (These latter attributes are not used consistently.) He is mute, but he understands both English and Spanish. The Brother is not a higher intelligence, like E.T.; he is trapped in very human complications—a round of troubles in Harlem possibly assembled by Sayles from social workers' casebooks. Some of the incidental dialogue is sharp—as if Sayles had jotted down memorable overheard remarks—but the script is strictly college-kid stuff, a story launched with a gimmicky initial idea

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Bizet's Carmen. Smash. The two leading men are stiff actors, though good singers: Julia Migenes-Johnson is a fine everything. Francesco Rosi directed excitingly, the cinematography is splendid. To repeat: smash. (Reviewed 9/17&24/84)

The Bostonians. Don't miss Vanessa Redgrave as Olive and the visual texture of the piece, though you *will* miss a good deal of Henry James's texture. (8/6/84)

In the White City. Alain Tanner takes on a Peter Handke mode—a person who simply withdraws from the traffic of life for a time—and doesn't quite bring it off. But his conviction, if not art, and Bruno Ganz's performance sustain most of it. (10/8/84)

Places in the Heart. Robert Benton (of *Kramer vs. Kramer*) wrote and directed this memoir of his Texas home town. Tainted with conventional touches, it still catches the drama of purportedly Christian lives lacerated by worldly shortcomings. (10/1/84)

SK

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but which then spends the rest of the time trying to justify its length and find a conclusion.

The Ploughman's Lunch. This English film is a sharp contrast to Sayles's in professionalism though not in achievement. The cast includes Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, Rosemary Harris, and Frank Finlay. (The leading woman, Charlie Dore, is the cast's one arrant lapse from professionalism: she is a singer who ought to have remained one.) The screenplay by Ian McEwan is in brisk, bright dialogue, not extraordinary for a British film but good. Clive Tickner's cinematography is pleasant, and Richard Eyre's direction—except for the casting gaffe with Dore—is well up to what's needed. All through the film, these elements give the picture a feeling of pleasant promise, and only as it winds along toward the finish do we realize that the promise is going to be unfulfilled. The table has been invitingly set, but where's the meal?

The principals are BBC news people in London today. Presumably the film is about moral torpor and turpitude in Britain, and after it's all over, we can even make a list of the items called in evidence. The hero, Pryce, calls himself a Socialist or non-Socialist depending on who's asking. He says his parents are dead, because he's ashamed of them, when as a matter of fact his mother is dying and he is neglecting her. (At her graveside, during prayers, he glances at his watch.) He is writing a history of Suez which apparently he will trim to fit the market. When he consults a leftist historian (Harris), she is more interested in his body than his book. Her husband is quite willing to license the affair in order to compensate for his own activities. Pryce is introduced to a young woman, with whom he is already smitten, by a friend who is in fact fiddling with her. The very title of the film, a well-known pub dish that is generally taken to be part of Merrie England's legacy, is shown to be a relatively recent ad man's artifact.

Yet, despite the data, it all adds up to much less than such antecedents as *Darling* and *Charlie Bubbles,* which were hardly pinnacles. Partly this flat result comes out of the flat presentation of the moral matters, the assumptive hopelessness of It All. Not one person in the film gives us a scintilla of belief in himself or herself—unless you want to count Margaret Thatcher who is

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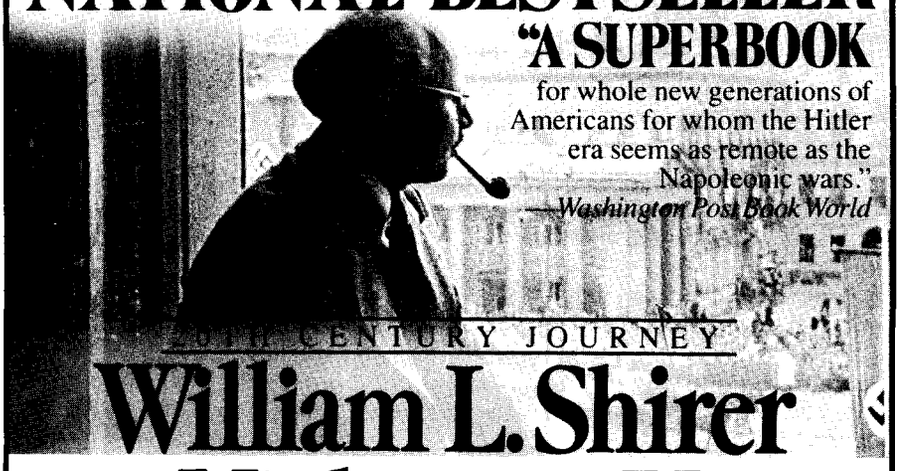

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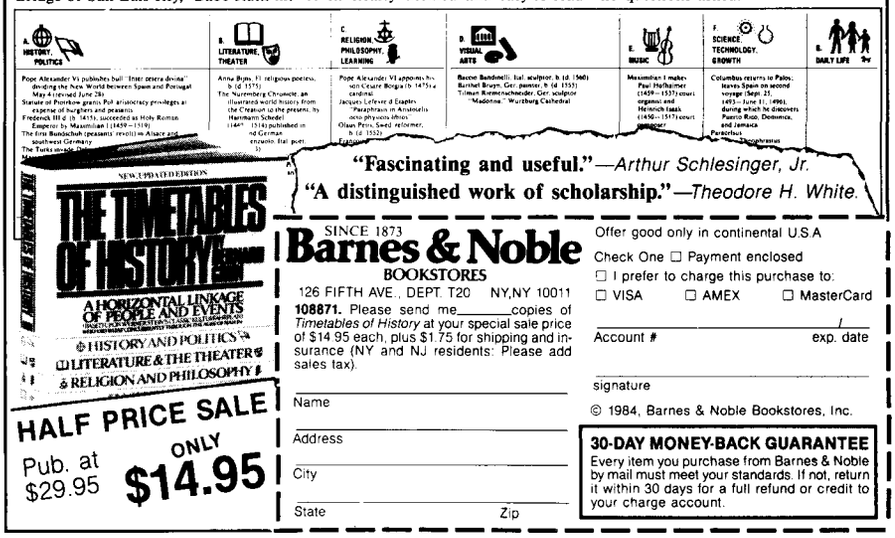

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glimpsed addressing the Conservative Party conference in Brighton in 1982. Where all is gray, what can *look* gray? Well, the answer might be found within the very being of the protagonist, within some kind of agon in him. But Pryce, seen on Broadway in *Comedians* and subsequently hailed in London for his Hamlet, a dour actor who trades on a moroseness supposedly profound, gives a performance as assumptive of angst as is the script. So instead of helping to lift and fulfill the script, Pryce merely lolls on it. The drama is done before the film begins. What we see is a dead duck swinging idly in a breeze of banter.

Full Moon in Paris. Eric Rohmer has made some of the best films of the last twenty years, but not lately. In his first suite, called *Six Moral Tales,* are such gems as *Claire's Knee* and *My Night at Maude's.* Then he did his only film based on another's work, *The Marquise of O . . .,* which is beautiful. Then he launched another suite, *Comedies and Proverbs,* which has been mostly disastrous. *Pauline at the Beach* was a clever glittering sex game. But *The Aviator's Wife* and *Le Beau Mariage* were dismally vacuous, and now *Full Moon in Paris* sinks to a new low in empty pretense—a disgrace to an artist of Rohmer's caliber.

It's something about a young woman who lives with a lover in the Paris suburbs and also has an apartment in town because of her job, and the (believe it or not) spiritual travail that results. Rohmer's rank egotism in laying this sententious trash on us is compounded by the casting of Pascale Ogier as the girl. She is the daughter of Bulle Ogier (so excellent in *La Salamandre);* other qualifications are not apparent.

J'ADORE

Getting To Know The General: The Story of an Involvement by Graham Greene

(Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $14.95)

In Vietnam the Pentagon counted bodies as a measure of victory. In El Salvador in 1980 and 1981 the State Department began counting them as a measure of defeat, compiling each month a cable called "the grim-gram" that charts the ebb and flow of political slaughter: statistics, graphs, sanitized abstracts that Washington might understand. But columns of numbers do nothing to make sense of a world where the bullet-shattered bodies of peasants and students become as common on some roads as the corpses of hapless animals. To decipher such madness you search for consolation in the voices of experience and art; you read, for instance, Gabriel García Márquez and discover Macondo on the banks of the Rio Sumpul or in the hidden valleys of Morazan, where massacres are like hallucinations. "You must have been dreaming," the army officers tell the relatives of the dead in *One Hundred Years of Solitude.* "Nothing has happened in Macondo, nothing has ever happened, and nothing ever will happen. This is a happy town."

And you read Graham Greene. It is Greene who knows about the protocol of suffering, the elite's traditional notion that the physical side of political persecution is reserved for the poor; in his words, for "the torturable class." It is Greene who evokes countries where cruelty sweeps over the land like a searchlight. It is Greene who explores the oppression and ecstasy of Catholicism; Greene whose "whisky priests" turn up in garrison towns along the front lines of war, full of faith and Scotch on the edge of death.

Greene's *The Quiet American,* published in 1955 about Vietnam, is especially good to read in Central America. It deals with Washington's persistent notion that a political center, a Third Force, can be found—or manufactured out of whole cloth—in the midst of a war and in the face of much-needed revolution. It is about the arrogance of American moral and political certainty and the danger of American innocence. "When he saw a dead body he couldn't even see the wounds. A Red menace, a soldier of democracy," Greene wrote of Pyle, the young American agent in Saigon. He was "as incapable of imagining pain or danger to himself as he was incapable of conceiving the pain he might cause others. . . . Yet he was sincere in his way: it was coincidence that the sacrifices were all paid by others. . . ." During the worst months of slaughter in El Salvador in 1980 the U.S. ambassador himself said he was "reading and rereading" Graham Greene. When Joan Didion came to the region in 1982 she brought a copy of *The Quiet American* along with her.

Now Greene, 80 years old, has written his own new book about Central America. It is not a novel but a memoir, a "tribute to a man whom . . . I had grown to love." Greene calls it "the story of an involvement" with the late General Omar Torrijos, the hard-drinking, hard-bargaining dictator of Panama. But it is also a quiet essay on the intrigue, the emotions, and the personal dangers of leading revolutions in America's backyard.

Greene was first invited to Panama to meet Torrijos in 1976. "To this day I don't know what had been in the mind of the General when the invitation was dispatched," Greene writes. Perhaps Torrijos was looking for some reflected prestige in those troubled months of negotiation when he was accused by the American right of virtually any crime that could be imagined. Or perhaps it was just that Torrijos also looked for literary sensibilities to help him understand the world around him, even the world he helped create.

IN ANY CASE, Greene went to Panama that summer of 1976 and three of the four summers after that until 1981 when Torrijos was killed. He talked with the General, drank with him, and through his contact with him was introduced to the most exalted figures in the revolutionary leadership of the region: Salvador Cayetano Carpio of El Salvador's Popular Liberation Forces, Tomás Borge of the Sandinistas. In 1977 Greene accompanied Torrijos to Washington (on a Panamanian diplomatic passport) to attend the signing of the Canal Treaties. Later, Greene became embroiled as a go-between for the Salvadoran guerrillas and the victims' families in a pair of controversial kidnappings. He attended

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a birthday party for a Sandinista commander taking a break in Panama during the war against Somoza in 1979. He sat as an honored guest at a mass rally in Managua in 1980. In 1983, eighteen months after Torrijos's death, Greene became a kind of unofficial emissary for some of Torrijos's former protégés in the Panamanian National Guard, visiting Managua and Havana as a signal, somehow, that "the Torrijos spirit was still alive in Panama."

GREENE does not provide any single, clear definition of what the "Torrijos spirit" is. Rather, he lets it emerge from the portrait. After all, Torrijos *was* the Torrijos spirit, full of subtlety, paradox, and complexity. He refined a hybrid between old-style Latin military dictatorship and new-style Latin revolution. He painted himself as both the friend and rival of Fidel, a man who bargained hard for the Canal and told everyone from Barbara Walters to Graham Greene—anyone who would listen—that he was ready to take to the mountains if the treaties did not go through, yet as a favor to Washington gave asylum to the Shah of Iran. He advocated revolutionary change, and channeled arms to those who would bring it about violently in the rest of Central America, yet he counseled his revolutionary friends against pushing the United States too far. Torrijos spoke to the ideals of socialism but built Panama into an international banking center. He espoused democracy, but crushed or, more often, co-opted dissenters in his own country. He spoke in the rough language of the poorest Panamanian peasants and wore a rakish olive-green bush-hat and fatigues; look at a picture of the General and it is easy enough to sympathize with Ronald Reagan's depiction of him during the Canal debates as a "tinhorn dictator." But there was nothing tinhorn about Torrijos.

Greene came to revere him. The author writes that on his second visit to Panama,

> I was beginning to appreciate what he [Torrijos] had done and what he had risked in trying to achieve his dream for a Central America which would be Socialist and not Marxist, independent of the United States and yet not a menace to her. I felt for him as for a teacher as well as a friend.

Ironically, Torrijos was offering a Third Force, but he knew its limits and, certainly, there was nothing innocent about him.

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The General had the skill to charm and seduce even those who claimed to despise him. In Panama's domestic politics, one of his vice presidents once said, "Torrijos was a great student of Machiavelli. He kept power divided so everyone had to come to him." Communists. Oligarchs. If they weren't in exile they were, in one way or another, in his pocket. Torrijos used his power to build his appeal. To be on his side was to be counseled, paid for, protected. Much more than a political leader, he was the Godfather of his country.

IN ONE revealing exchange Greene's peculiar problems with organized crime around his home in Nice (which he wrote about in *J'Accuse)* arise in conversation with Torrijos—the matter of an "undesirable character" who "had been married to my friend's daughter and now threatened her with the *milieu*":

> . . . Omar spoke sharply, "I won't have a friend of mine worried this way. I'll send a man to France to teach a lesson to this fellow who's troubling you."
>
> "No. I don't think that's wise."
>
> "Well, send the young woman over here with her children."
>
> I spoke of her work which she would have to abandon.
>
> "We'll give her work here."
>
> "She would be very lonely. She would miss her parents."
>
> "Then we'd send her back to France with a new name and a Panamanian passport."
>
> He could see that I was not convinced, and he added, "It would be much simpler to deal with the man who is threatening her. Are fruit machines [slot machines] legal in France?"
>
> "No, I don't think so. In Monte Carlo. . . ."
>
> "There's a certain American here whom I have helped. Go and see him with one of my G-2 officers. I am sure he could arrange to have the man dealt with. He owes me a debt of gratitude."
>
> I pretended that I would think the matter over.

It is easy to fear a man like that. It is also easy to love him. A dangerous enemy, Torrijos was, for Greene, a wonderful friend. But love and friendship foster loyalties and responsibilities so intense they can be self-destructive. That was the great theme of *The Human Factor,* one of Greene's best recent books and it is the great flaw, I think, in this one. Greene is vulnerable to "the Friends of my Friend, Omar Torrijos, in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Panama," to whom he dedicates this book. Torrijos understood these people in ways that Greene either does not or will not admit to, and Greene's tone in dealing with such characters as Carpio or Borge is tentative and uncertain. You sense his puzzlement at the way some of them have behaved since Torrijos's death, and he finds himself making repeated excuses for them.

In Greene's first encounter with Cayetano Carpio, the self-styled Ho Chi Minh of El Salvador, he saw "the most merciless eyes I could remember seeing." That was in 1980. When he meets him again in 1983, when Torrijos is no longer there to teach him about such things, Cayetano's eyes are somehow less merciless. Greene seems bored with Cayetano's briefing on the military situation in El Salvador and draws a strange, personal conclusion from it. "Perhaps if I had been a secret agent this might have been valuable information or disinformation. The fate which overtook him [Cayetano Carpio] three months later makes me wonder whether he was in the habit of giving his trust too easily." I do not believe anyone else who knew Cayetano has ever discovered quite that particular flaw in his character.

What happened three months later was the extraordinarily brutal murder in Managua of the woman who acted as his second-in-command and who had challenged him for control of the organization. When even Cayetano's friend, Tomás Borge, refused to play along with this atrocity and confronted Cayetano Carpio with his apparent complicity, the sickly and humiliated rebel leader was left little choice but to commit suicide. "How can we in the West judge such a man or measure his suffering?" Greene asks.

BORGE'S own dogmatic Leninism meanwhile has helped drag Nicaragua toward the thankless and utterly destructive confrontation with the United States that exists today; that is, exactly where Torrijos hoped it would *not* go. But Greene begs off for Borge. "I suppose for a man like Borge, who has been imprisoned, fought and suffered in a civil war, there must often be an impatience with patience." One would hope for a better explanation, a more critical one in "the Torrijos spirit," but then Tomás Borge "is now a good friend to me," Greene tells us.

Afflicted with such blind spots about these friends of his friend, Greene has difficulty sorting out his own feelings about the way Torrijos died. Greene writes that the General often demanded to fly in weather more cautious men would have avoided, and there are many reasons to believe that bad visibility, bad winds, and bad judgment brought him to his explosive end in a 1981 plane crash. If one is to speculate about conspiracies, one might easily guess that the Cubans or the Nicaraguans or jealous officers from his own forces did him in. Torrijos had been behind increasingly sharp criticism of the Nicaraguan revolution's course and the Cubans' role in it in the months before he died. But Greene ignores this and instead concentrates on speculation that Ronald Reagan's C.I.A. blew Torrijos out of the sky in revenge for his "victory" with the Canal Treaties or out of ire at his support for the revolutionaries in El Salvador. There may be a real case for suspecting, if not the agency itself, then people with whom it worked. But Greene doesn't make it. He is depending merely on what his friends tell him.

OF THE Central Americans Greene encounters outside of Panama, in fact, only Edén Pastora's is a really credible portrait. Pastora was virtually a disciple of Torrijos and, indeed, when Pastora made his decision to leave Nicaragua in 1981, he went to Panama to consult with the General. He was there when the General died. But Greene does not appear to have known Pastora well. He is not a friend of his. Paradoxically, Greene's picture of him is much the better for that.

Greene is sitting in the oppressive Managua heat at one of the Sandinistas' interminable mass rallies in 1980. He glances below the platform filled with dignitaries:

> . . . There too, wandering alone—he had not been visible on the platform among the chiefs of the revolution—was the hero who had captured the National Palace, Edén Pastora, or Comandante Cero as he had been called when I met him in Panama. . . . His handsome actor's face gave an impression of loneliness, sadness, disappointment. I was not surprised when I heard a year later that he had turned against the Sandinistas and gone into exile. He had achieved the most spectacular feat of the civil war, and now he was in charge of training the local militia. An honorable situation, but can an actor who has once played Henry V to the world's applause be content afterward with the part of Pistol? . . .

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Pastora is a tragic figure. With his courage and charisma (a dangerous quality when a man becomes conscious of possessing it) he has been doomed to disillusion. If the Marxist left should be defeated, he will inevitably fall out with the conservatives and the capitalists who find him useful now, and who will afterward despise him for his simplicity and even his heroism. I find myself still haunted two years later by the memory of that solitary man wandering alone below the platform where all the other leaders sat facing the enormous crowd who had come to welcome what he as much as any man had helped to bring about.

The emotions, the economy of style, and, I would say, the politics are exactly right. One wishes that Greene were writing a novel about Pastora, or indeed about Torrijos the romantic revolutionary, "bored and haunted by his public image," or about Chuchu Martinez, the Marxist aide-de-camp, mathematician, and army sergeant who is the one other character who figures prominently and clearly in this slim work. Greene, too, wished he could find the novel hidden in this material. He gives us its title, tells us its outline, even quotes a sharp little passage from it. But the characters, he tells us, never quite took on their own life in fiction and he could not find his way clear to write it. So we are left with *Getting To Know The General*, and it seems to be here by default. This is a disappointment; it is not Green at his best and he seems to know it. But it is Greene, nonetheless, and as election-oriented discussions of Central America steadily slide away from the reality of experience there toward the comfortable abstractions of statistics and centers-between-the-extremes and Third Forces created mainly for American consumption, it is good to hear Greene's voice again.

CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

Christopher Dickey was *The Washington Post* correspondent in Central America from 1980 to 1983. He is currently on leave to finish a book about the region's soldiers and spies.

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THE PECULIAR EVOLUTION

The Crucible of Race: Black-White Relations in the American South Since Emancipation by Joel Williamson

(Oxford University Press, 561 pp., $25)

Now that a new orthodoxy in race relations has taken shape, the time has come for a full-scale reconsideration of how things came to be what they are—a new view of the past. Efforts by the previous generation of historians toward this end—the first few serious efforts ever made—were preoccupied with an older orthodoxy, caught up in a crisis of change in the subject itself, and denied the perspective now available. In his new book Joel Williamson is generous to a fault in professions of gratitude to his predecessors. While acknowledging "congruences" between his interpretation and that of the present reviewer, however, he presents his own conclusions as "essentially and vitally different."

I agree with him that "this is how the pursuit of truth in history works when it works well." It is working well in *The Crucible of Race*. This book represents a deeper and more thorough penetration of the endless complexities of the subject than any ever attempted before. Williamson goes directly to the archival sources: letters, diaries, private papers—thousands of them, both black and white. He wastes no time worrying classic controversies, scoring points, or settling old scores. He sidesteps profitless debates and flourishes no statistics where they are irrelevant. No synthesis of old findings, this book is a new interpretation. Williamson's credentials as author of *After Slavery*, a study of Reconstruction, and *New People*, on twentieth-century mulatto culture, are in good order. At his base in Chapel Hill he has worked long and hard on this big book and made it the most conspicuous landmark of scholarship in an important field. It is likely to remain that for some time.

Broadly defined, his field is black-

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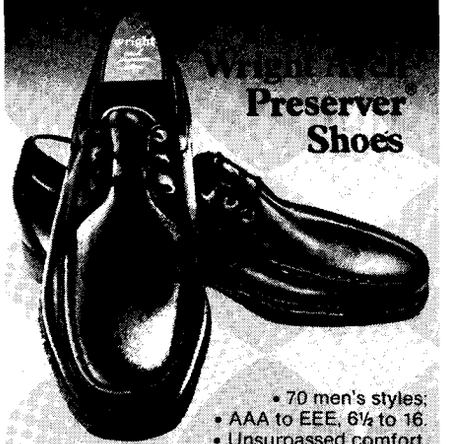

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white relations in American history—more specifically, in the period since 1850, but he focuses on the era from emancipation to 1915. The scene is largely the South, since as late as 1910 nearly 90 percent of American black people still lived there, and only in the last two decades have more than half lived elsewhere. The emphasis is on change, conflict, diversity, fault lines, and profound fissures in the South's past, and in the history of race relations in general. Like others of us who have stressed themes of change and conflict in southern history, Williamson has had to cope with the persistent influence of W. J. Cash's gospel of continuity and unity in *The Mind of the South*. Very sensibly, he addresses this problem at the beginning of his book.

Conceding "all the considerable virtues and talents" of Cash's book, he finds it useful mainly as "an artifact," and the author a "specially exaggerated" case of a writer who is the captive of his age. That was the age in which Cash came to maturity, the 1920s and '30s, when the South had finally covered over with "a heavy plastering of myth" all the fissures and conflicts in present and past, had indeed "imagined a past that never was," a time when its people were of one mind. In the '30s, and for some time thereafter, southern whites were "uniquely out of touch with the realities" of history, especially the history of race relations. This enabled Wilbur Cash to speak of *the* mind—singular and uniform—of the past and present South, and of what he called the "Proto-Dorian" bond of white supremacy. Both he and his South held that this racial dominance was meliorated by an ancient ethos of paternalism that made it kindlier than it was elsewhere, a benevolent apartheid. "Such was the way things were," as Williamson sums up Cash's vision, "and such they had always been, monolithic and unchanging."

IN COMPLETE contrast, he sees "drastic and fundamental change," especially between 1850 and 1915, the period he calls "The Great Changeover" in race relations. Before that, the white elite built a strong connection with the black mass through slavery, and a "curious alliance" in the lower South with elite free people of color, some of whom were slaveowners themselves. Both slaves and free colored people drifted toward cultural whiteness and both were firmly included (slaves as "mudsills") in the society. In the 1850s the white elite turned away from the free mulatto elite and relegated all people of color to the black mass. The latter began the long withdrawal-expulsion process that was to end eventually in black nationalism, and the white elite began to strengthen ties to the white mass; that process ended by 1915 in the racial bonding of white solidarity and total exclusion of "blacks." Alliance of black mass with white mass never occurred, save in abortive experiments such as those of Reconstruction and Populism.

The prolonged "changeover" occurred in phases in both races under different and competing leaders, and with great fluctuations in intensity and violence. In dealing with white thinking on race, Williamson perceives three rather distinct but interacting "mentalities"—conservative, liberal, and radical, the latter in the sense of extremist.

The conservative and mainline mentality took for granted Negro inferiority, and sought, by defining it and accommodating society to it, the conservation of the Negro through fixing and assuring him of his "place." *Place* was the vital word with conservatives and it extended to whites as well. This mentality was of antebellum origins and persisted through changes long after. Some of the Redeemers after Reconstruction, such as Wade Hampton, accepted emancipation, and through paternalism sought for a while to prolong the old white elite bond with blacks, but they soon abandoned the tie for alliance with the common whites. The conservatives always mustered the ability to change just enough to survive.

Racial liberalism was more flexible about the Negro's aspirations and capacity, and more open-ended and optimistic about his future. Liberals believed his capacities had never been fairly tested and sought to retain the orientation of the race to white culture. They revived elements of the old paternalism in the name of progress and education. Integration, however, was limited to the mental and spiritual realm, and never promised genuine parity. The liberal mentality reached a crest in the 1880s, but adherents of that persuasion were very few, though highly articulate and energetic. Most conspicuous on the clerical side was Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, author of *Our Brother in Black*, and of the secular order, George W. Cable, author of the *The Silent South*. Both were acclaimed in the North but gained little support in the South. In Williamson's opinion, Cable's silent South was largely imaginary.

Radicalism came on with a rush in 1889, raged furiously until about 1907, and left a fateful heritage. While born of the conservative mainline, radicals were in fact revolutionary. They pictured the blacks as rapidly regressing to savagery, sunk in bestiality, doomed in competition with whites, and destined for extinction. They would break off all dependency on blacks, expel them from society, isolate, segregate, disfranchise, depoliticize, and brutalize them. As this doctrine penetrated the popular level, aggressive violence and brutality surpassed all previous limits. Whole cities were taken over by mobs of terrorists. In the 1890s lynchings averaged 138 victims a year in the southern states, 75 percent of them black; and in the next decade, though the numbers declined, the black victims rose to 90 percent. People were flayed alive and slowly burned to death with refinements of torture. Railroads advertised special trains to the lynching scenes, and at one, ten thousand spectators gathered. Of the several elite sponsors of the radical mentality portrayed, Thomas Dixon, the prolific novelist, author of *Leopard Spots* and *The Clansman*, later made into the film *The Birth of a Nation*, is of greatest interest. The psychological origins of his obsession with the Negro as beast and rapist are explored by Williamson with fascinating effect.

RECONSTRUCTION had plunged black people suddenly, and for a while deeply, into the mainstream of American life. Even before the end of that experience, however, they began a disengagement with white culture that soon turned into withdrawal and alienation. Black intellectuals by the 1890s were turning away from their pursuit of whiteness. Frederick Douglass, the most famous man of his race until his death in 1895, seemed more and more irrelevant. The futile strivings of a brilliant mind proved to Charles W. Chesnutt of North Carolina that the most cultured mulatto would not be accepted in the white South, and he left. Others of talent joined the exodus from the South.

Those who remained made their peace in some degree of vassalage to the feudal lord of all blacks after the mid-'90s, the powerful accommodationist Booker T. Washington. He accepted

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the system of exclusion and segregation, and the white conservative establishment accepted him and his doctrine of race pride, solidarity, self-help, and material progress. *Up From Slavery* was his message and challenge. At the peak of his power, however, the conservative whites with whom he had negotiated his bargain were losing control to the radical terrorists, and Washington became increasingly vulnerable.

The first person of color to attack Washington's leadership effectively was W.E.B. DuBois, and his opening salvo was *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903). He also preached race pride and solidarity but rejected accommodation, inferiority, and submissiveness. More than that, and more significant, was his gospel of black soul, and his theory that each race was endowed with a distinct genius, a doctine that Williamson believes owed much to the Hegelian disciples under whom DuBois studied in Berlin. He was "probably always more Hegelian than Marxist and distinctly more black than socialist." Black Americans, he taught, were a child race, a specially spiritual and artistic people in the midst of materialist America. Their true destiny was the pursuit and realization of blackness, not whiteness.

Perhaps the boldest departure Williamson makes from current conventions of historical interpretation is his avoidance of materialist and class explanations of racial history. To him "business in matters of race has been a paper tiger" that follows "the dictates of its society respectfully, often meekly." As for class determinants in the white South, "that society is not even nearly describable by two or more neat lines drawn horizontally across the whole population." Blaming evils of race on ignorant whites is an elitist evasion. Racist white leaders, moreover, at least down through the radical period, "were not at all dishonest" and "did not dissemble," but thoroughly believed what they said. If carried to the logical extreme, these precepts would give his critics, including this reviewer, some trouble, but I do not think Williamson would carry them that far. His argument, however, is that "Race, in brief, is a problem of the mind and not the body." Ideas are not mere superstructure for material interests, but prime movers of historical causation.

The impact of ideas—the same Hegelian ideas that inspired DuBois's black soul movement—was, he believes, felt among whites in the propagation of a white soul mystique. After the radical rage had subsided, leaving blacks invisible behind walls of segregation, or visible only in some sambo guise, conservatives took over again. There was no race problem. They would put the blacks not down, or up, or out, but aside. There they could realize their black soul destiny unhampered. In courting alliance with the white mass, the conservative elite preached "race integrity" and white solidarity. They found useful the Hegelian ideas of *The Basis of Ascendancy* (1910) by Edgar Gardner Murphy, who, "like DuBois, had full faith in 'the unifying ideal of Race.' " Except that Murphy spoke of *white* soul and the divine origins of white "*Volksgeist*."

By the 1930s the resurgent conservatives of the white soul faith had completed the great changeover, shifted the foundations of southern culture, and perfected a new orthodoxy of race relations. For the time being, and a short while thereafter, they could feel that southerners really were one people of one faith. Only then could Cash speak accurately of a South of one mind, though he could never have said with any accuracy that things had always been the same. Neither will anyone else dare to say so after reading this book.

Williamson does not undertake an account of the Civil Rights movement, which he believes "resulted in no great revolution in race relations." He argues that the southern white elite has come to realize that the movement resulted in no significant menace to its power at home, no threat of alliance between black mass and white mass against the elite, and no need for renewing the old alliance between white elite and black people. Southern whites have fallen in line. The North has lost its claim to moral superiority and northern whites have reached a convergence with the South and look more and more to "the heartland of white exclusiveness" for leadership in matters of race. The black revolution occured on the black side of the line not the white, and Williamson describes it as largely "the realization by black people that the all-white system still lives and grows."

C. VANN WOODWARD

C. Vann Woodward is the author of, among other books, *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* (Oxford University Press).

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GETTING TO NO

Deadly Gambit: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control by Strobe Talbott

(Knopf, 384 pp., $17.95)

It says something about the Reagan Administration's attitude to arms control that despite the apparently low regard and limited expectations which its officials brought to the subject, they still took it seriously enough to allow their activites to be chronicled in the most remarkably intricate detail. It seems that the less arms control achieves the more we find out about it. Innermost thoughts have been thoroughly revealed and controversial events explained to Strobe Talbott of *Time* magazine.

There is no point in trying to identify the author's sources for this important book. The only question is who he did *not* talk to. (There is little question about who will never talk to him again.) It is going to be very difficult, in the wake of Talbott's exhaustive study, to take seriously the Administration's assurances that it has always been keen about the limitation and reduction of nuclear weapons. Its commitment to the arms control process appears to have been of the sort that most of us reserve for the payment of taxes.

It was John Newhouse who created the expectation that every chapter of nuclear arms control should be the subject of instant history, recording the process from the first speculative doodlings about the shape of a possible agreement to the interagency squabbling over the requirements for verification to the conversations between Soviet and American delegates in the bar. His book, *Cold Dawn*, covered the first and most successful phase of SALT leading up to the Moscow summit of May 1972. Newhouse was so impressed by his subject, however, that he went off to become a practitioner, relinquishing the opportunity to become the Theodore White of arms control. Strobe Talbott, with his second book on the subject, has now established his claim.

Talbott is given to chess metaphors. His first book, *End Game*, described the final stages of the negotiation of the SALT II Treaty in 1979. This might indeed have been the end game as far as superpower diplomacy was concerned, but nowhere near the end for the treaty's opponents in the United States. The book appeared while the critics were still sharpening their knives, when the outcome of the Congressional debate was still uncertain.

This time Talbott's story does not get beyond the development of the initial negotiating positions, because the talks—on Strategic Arms Reductions and Intermediate Nuclear Forces—did not get much beyond these positions. They are Talbott's "deadly gambits." But it is moot to inquire if these gambits were really designed as the opening ploys in a serious diplomatic encounter. Negotiations with the Russians form a rather small part of this book. The only serious negotiations covered, and these were of a wholly adversarial nature, were between the State Department and the Pentagon, with some meek attempts at mediation by the National Security Council staff.

This makes the reference to a "stalemate" in the subtitle rather curious. For a start, stalemates in chess do not follow naturally from gambits. They arise when the two players have exhausted their options and have no room left for maneuver. At Geneva the two sides failed almost entirely to engage. They never even tried reaching an honest stalemate. The current situation is too confused and too uncertain to deserve that title.

It is doubtful, moreover, that those involved even recognize the blank score sheet as failure. For the objectives of the arms controllers were to clear the path for the entry of cruise and Pershing missiles into Europe and the implementation of the "strategic modernization plan." They demonstrated sufficient interest in a diplomatic alternative to this new weaponry to convince allies abroad and critics at home that the Russians would have only themselves to blame if they ended up facing a refurbished Western nuclear arsenal. The Administration's protestations of a deep commitment to the cause of arms control may not have carried conviction, but its modernization program has survived more or less intact (though the fate of the MX missile looks grim).

It would be unfair to suggest, however, that the Reagan Administration must shoulder all the blame for the parlous state of arms control. At worst it may have made a chronic illness terminal. The situation was grave prior to 1981. Two developments had already put arms control in jeopardy by the end of the 1970s. First, there was the demise of détente. As East-West relations deteriorated, both sides became more suspicious of the other's motives and less willing to paper over differences, to take the other's concerns seriously, to make concessions.

It must be noted that this decline was not the responsibility of arms control. It was largely the result of unrealistic expectations in the West about the power of détente to bring about a liberalization in the East; and unrealistic expectations in the East about what might be achieved by a greater adventurism in the Third World, and about the degree to which the West would tolerate that adventurism. Clearly the arcane disputes on the details of arms control did not help matters, but by and large these disputes intensified rather than created a developing political crisis; to some extent, in fact, they were the product of the crisis.

THE OTHER obstacle to arms control was the lack of clear objectives to guide the process. Phrases such as "crisis stability" tended to be bandied about, but nobody had any clear idea exactly in what ways the current force structures might produce "instability"; it was unclear whether the sources of instability were sufficiently grave to warrant a determined negotiating effort, and whether they were even amenable to the sort of remedies that could be implemented as a result of international agreements. In these circumstances deceptively straightforward and less ambitious objectives such as "parity" came to the fore, accomplishing the thing for which these sort of negotiations seem most suited—counting up each side's weapons and devising a formula to create a numerical equality, preferably a formula that requires minimal adjustments to the respective force structures and so gen-

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erates minimal domestic opposition.

Unfortunately parity was more difficult to define than had been supposed. The force structures of the United States and the Soviet Union differ in decisive respects. Even in the nuclear area, the United States remains a maritime power, and the Soviet Union a continental power. Arms control demanded precision, of course. Without agreement on criteria for military equivalence, however, how could the forces in question be measured? More American weapons can hit the Soviet Union than Soviet weapons can hit America because of the United States' aircraft, and now because of its missiles based in Europe; thus the United States has preferred to classify weapons according to range rather than targets. The Soviet Union wishes to include weapons in the possession of American allies, even though they are independent of American control—but it is reluctant to offer in return weapons that can hit those same allies.

WHEN THE arms control exercise began, furthermore, it was sufficient to count launchers; but as more and more warheads could be carried on individual missiles, some way had to be found to accommodate them. Warheads, after all, do the killing. But this additional subtlety was insufficient for some. With an eye on the Soviet tendency to build giant missiles, they argued that throw-weight provided a much better measurement of the destructive potential of the weapons. Counting throw-weight puts pressure on the Soviet Union for large concessions. Unless, that is, bomber payload (where the advantage lies with the United States) is included. Foul, cry those stressing missile throw-weight. Missiles are more modern, they argue, and do not have to have substantial air defenses (but please do not assume that this argument has any implications for our brand new B-1 bomber). And so the dreary debates continue. As new disparities in technology or deployment are identified, their significance is emphasized, to make either a crude political or an excessively subtle doctrinal point.

The features of arms control that made it a branch of accountancy or theology, that made it remote from considered strategic judgment, became depressingly familiar by the end of the 1970s. It is now forgotten that some of the first Senators to criticize the SALT II treaty were liberals who found the final package too permissive, and even a cover for new programs with which the military had been bought off in return for supporting the treaty. At best it was hard to go beyond the Joint Chiefs' own verdict of "modest but useful"—a judgment that immediately made those responsible suspect in the eyes of the Reagan Administration.

Ronald Reagan came to power with a promise to pursue arms control. Still, his objectives were more significantly defined by a comprehensive security policy than by what happened to be "negotiable" with the Russians. Many less hawkish than the President had some sympathy with the idea that arms control had lost its sense of direction, and comforted themselves with the hope that the logic of international—and eventually domestic—politics would force any American leader to maintain a dialogue with the Kremlin and soften any excessively hard-line negotiating positions.

The political logic did eventually make itself felt. But the Administration's response was tardy and clumsy. By the time it showed a glimmer of flexibility, the Kremlin, competing hard in the cynicism and petulance stakes, had decided that its patience was exhausted. The more the Administration insisted that only an increase of American strength would force the Soviet Union to negotiate on American terms, the more the Kremlin refused to budge, becoming even more intransigent than usual.

What emerges from Talbott's masterly account of policymaking during this period is that the Administration did not even fulfill its campaign pledge to make arms control subordinate to a coherent defense policy. The two opening bids for the I.N.F. and START bore no relation to strategic doctrine. The "zero option" for I.N.F., announced with a great fanfare in November 1981, directly contradicted the original NATO position. According to that position, some long-range American missiles should be based in Europe, to "couple" (as the NATO jargon rather awkwardly puts it) the two halves of the alliance by raising the risk that a land war in Europe would lead to superpower nuclear exchanges. The NATO requirement existed even if there were no comparable systems on the other side. There might have been good reason to question the validity of this high-stakes NATO doc-

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trine, but not by the implicit repudiation of it in an arms control proposal.

Talbott unfortunately accepts the common assumption that there was no serious rationale behind the 1979 "dual-track" decision. If this is so, then the zero option would indeed be as good as any. The myth of the absence of any military reason for the American missiles in Europe developed because American officials recognized that the missiles increased American exposure to nuclear risk, which they preferred not to emphasize. Instead they talked about the political reason for the deployments, about NATO solidarity. Those Europeans behind the I.N.F. program who understood its military rationale were soon drowned out in the vigorous debate on the wisdom of the general Western European nuclear links with the United States.

A SIMILAR divergence from the latest doctrinal fashions occurred with START. Successive Administrations had argued that arms control ought to penalize MIRVing. But the Joint Chiefs of Staff had been charged with developing a capability to destroy—among other targets—Soviet ICBMs. Now if, as everyone seemed to agree, missile warheads should be reduced to some five thousand apiece, and if there were no limits on the number of launchers, the J.C.S. would in fact be unable to destroy all its assigned targets. The drift of American doctrine toward an emphasis on counterforce had reduced the stake in a de-MIRVed world. The Chiefs gained agreement, in the American START proposal, on a launcher limit of eight hundred fifty. And this made nonsense of the original theory. It would encourage exactly the sort of preemptive strike that was supposed to be precluded.

Otherwise the debate within the Administration on arms control policy does not seem to have progressed much beyond the importance of controlling throw-weight and the comparative advantages of cruise and ballistic missiles. It is one of the fateful quirks of arms control that it discourages attention to strategic fundamentals. It is dominated instead by assessments of the value of marginal advantages in capability, which are phrased in such a way—as aspects of a negotiating position—that they invariably appear to be more important than they are.

In fact the narrow terms in which the issues were presented was a symbol of a much wider debate concerning how much allowance the United States should make for Soviet concerns and sensibilities. The atmosphere in which these matters were being worked out is illustrated by a revealing anecdote. Upon being told that the most powerful Soviet missile was the SS-18 and not, as he suspected, the SS-19, Reagan commented, "So they've even switched the numbers on their missiles in order to confuse us." It had to be gently explained to the Commander in Chief that NATO does the numbering of Soviet missiles according to when it first gets a glimpse of them.

It was one thing to question the use of "negotiability" as the prime criterion for assessing proposals on matters relating to the most vital issues of national security. It was quite another to damn any proposal simply because it could claim negotiability as one of its features. (The charge was that we were allowing the Soviets to determine our positions.) What was lacking was a sense of pride in the art of diplomacy. The Administration was at pains to deny that it was making its proposals on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, on the presumption that the military programs set in motion would either intimidate the Kremlin into an agreement on American terms or else would so improve the U.S. military position that there would be nothing to worry about if an agreement was not reached. There was never much chance, however, that the Kremlin would allow the hawks the satisfaction of one-sided concessions.

THE DIFFICULTIES with planning to negotiate from strength were revealed by the MX saga. The trouble with the "bargaining chip" theory is that a system that is so dispensable that it can be abandoned in pursuit of arms control probably should not be bought in the first place. It has proved difficult to convince Congress of the intrinsic merits of the MX, and its possible value as a lever in negotiations has not been deemed sufficient—especially in the absence of any evidence that the Administration ever contemplated abandoning the program as part of a START deal. Instead of the MX providing the key to arms control, arms control provided the key to the MX, as a more plausible negotiating posture was exacted as the price for continued funding for the new missile. The pressure succeeded in getting Administration protestations of "flexibility" and the adoption of the "build-down" concept that had been developed by a number of influential Senators.

If the Russians had been on the ball, they would have embraced build-down immediately, since it would have required as much from the Americans as from them. Some Soviet experts now recognize this. Still, it was grafted onto the American position with many of its original unacceptable aspects intact, and was presented in an overly complicated manner by American negotiator Edward Rowny, who took care not to draw attention to those features of the proposal that he found most objectionable. By this time the Russians had concluded that Reagan was unremittingly hostile and not serious in the negotiations. Who goes fishing, they reasoned, without bait?

THE CRITICAL episode was the so-called "walk in the woods," when the two chief I.N.F. negotiators, Paul Nitze and Yuri Kvitsinsky, worked out a package as the possible basis for a settlement. Nitze's crime in the eyes of many of his colleagues in the Administration was to have indulged in diplomacy. He had presumed to explore the possibilities for agreement in private, unencumbered by rigid adherence to formal positions. The deal worked out was impressive. The Soviet Union would acknowledge for the first time the legitimacy of long-range American missiles in Europe, drop its demands on British and French forces, and agree on the principle of equality. In return the Americans would abandon the Pershing program (which was in real trouble in the summer of 1982). The Soviets, however, rejected the idea, too; and Talbott makes it clear that even a more positive American response would not have guaranteed Soviet acceptance.

The most interesting feature of his definitive account is the emphasis it puts on the possibility of a Reagan-Brezhnev summit as the bait for the Kremlin, rather than anything in the proposed agreement itself. It would have been a valedictory act of statesmanship for Brezhnev: an opportunity to return to the détente with which he had been associated. If the Americans had signaled interest in a summit, the formidable domestic opposition to a deal might have been quashed. We shall never know. That formidable domestic opposition, in the shape of Pen-

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tagon official Richard Perle, ensured that whatever opportunity had been presented by Nitze's initiative was allowed to pass.

Of course it should not have been left for Nitze to take the initiative. The failure of the past four years is not simply a lack of agreements and treaties between the two superpowers. It is a breakdown of communications. Previous arms control negotiations were facilitated (and, it must be admitted, sometimes hampered) by regular meetings at the foreign minister level, to sort out particularly tricky issues or to work on the basic framework of an agreement. In the absence of such contacts, positions were communicated through public statements, intended more for the gallery than the players.

At the end of this dismal story one is left with two conclusions. The first is that the problems of arms control have been highlighted and intensified by the deterioration in East-West relations, but they are owed not only to the complexities of the nuclear arsenals but also to the general confusion over the military and political purposes served by these arsenals.

The second conclusion is even more discomforting. The strategic disability revealed by this book, and other recent accounts of U.S. policymaking, has nothing to do with the balances of power or the loyalty of allies or the combat readiness of the armed forces. The picture presented here is of a shambles of a government. The familiar weaknesses of the American condition—intense bureaucratic infighting, tortuous consensus-building in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, political appointees lacking in diplomatic or administrative experience and unable to look much beyond the next election—were accentuated by serious weakness at the top.

Apart from Alexander Haig, who left early, none of the principals had much of a clue about the subject. The President appears to have played a bit part in his own Administration, failing to make proper decisions that would guide his staff, evaluating proposals in terms of how they might sound in a speech rather than on their merits. The vacuum at the top meant that power effectively devolved to those middle-level officials who did understand the issues. The result was wrangling, delay, and awkward compromise. On the evidence in this book, all the strength that the Administration expects to draw from the country's military capabilities is likely to be dissipated by the chaotic state of higher decision-making. A first-class power needs something better than a third-class government.

LAWRENCE FREEDMAN

Lawrence Freedman is a professor of war studies at King's College, London.

RUSSIAN ODYSSEY

Solzhenitsyn: A Biography by Michael Scammell

(Norton, 1,051 pp., $29.95)

"Hagiography" means the writing of saints' lives. It was one of the few genres of the pallid Russian literature that stretched from the Middle Ages to the Pushkin period in the last century, so it is not surprising that many Russian biographies of public figures imitate the solemnity, the uplifting but dishonest conventions, of hagiographic writing. This fact, and Soviet totalitarianism, which is relentlessly optimistic, have resulted in a peculiar phenomenon: to escape hagiography, the basic books on many Russian institutions, politicians, and literary figures have not been written in Russia—not even, in fact, in Russian. They appear in English, or some other foreign language, where the winds blow more freely.

Such is the case with Michael Scammell's biography of Solzhenitsyn. The very length of his book will no doubt leave all reviewers gasping for air, or for justification. Even if one can see where an editor might have made cuts, it is clear that this *is* the basic book on Solzhenitsyn. And, because of the authority Russians and others have ascribed to Solzhenitsyn for over two decades, the basic book should be as inclusive as possible. The reader can see if the subject is worth the effort.

THE Soviet regime's hostility to Solzhenitsyn and his mythmaking attitude toward his own life also mean that an English, rather than a Russian, book is required. No writer's biography is as simple as it looks in a Soviet encyclopedia. Anything from his name to the date of his death can be (and often has been) changed—for political purposes. Authors themselves may lie persistently, as Babel lied when he began his career (for political safety). Simple questions such as how many wives Bulgakov had, or how many husbands Akhmatova had, become matters of passionate mendacity and disagreement.

In Solzhenitsyn's case, such "normal" difficulties are multiplied and complicated. As Scammell shows in the fascinating pages on Solzhenitsyn's exile, Solzhenitsyn himself was capable of altering facts from hour to hour to show himself in the most dramatic and "appropriate" light; as Scammell documents, he changed details of his departure in order to make it appear more terrifying. Various branches of the Soviet government fabricated biographies (including names) for Solzhenitsyn, sometimes out of whole cloth, sometimes with just enough truth to puzzle an honest biographer. The K.G.B. suborned Solzhenitsyn's old friends and relatives to give false or misleading testimony, and they used his first wife's memoirs for their own purposes.

In the face of such massive disinformation—covering both the verifiable and the unverifiable—Scammell's biography strikes me as a bold, balanced, and judicious piece of scholarship, with only a few real errors. It encompasses not only Solzhenitsyn's life but the essential outlines of the human rights movement in the U.S.S.R. since the death of Stalin. (The weakest aspect of the book is its inconsistent and unscholarly transliteration in its notes and references, usually a sign of poor Russian.)

Scammell's account begins with Solzhenitsyn's family background, until now the subject of speculation and misinformation (which Scammell seems to have cleared up). It extends through

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Solzhenitsyn's current monastic life in Vermont and the not quite amicable end of cooperation between him and his biographer. (After some early interviews, the two agreed to disagree, and Solzhenitsyn no longer helped Scammell actively after 1979.) For some periods Scammell has a superabundance of materials to examine, while for others he is limited to word-of-mouth accounts or the various versions of Solzhenitsyn's first wife's memoirs.

Natalia Reshetovskaya was naturally angered when Solzhenitsyn left her for his current wife, Natalia Svetlova. (Until his second illegitimate child was on the way, Reshetovskaya stubbornly refused him a divorce.) Her memoirs may not have been written for the K.G.B., but the K.G.B., via Novosti Press, did edit and publish them in order to muddy the waters. Later Reshetovskaya apparently had a change of heart and tried to undo some of the damage to Solzhenitsyn. Scammell explains that she contacted him, answered many of his questions, and revised much of what had been published under her name in 1974. It may turn out someday that Scammell is at his weakest when he has to rely mainly on this kind of evidence, but he makes honest efforts to avoid uncorroborated statements from prejudiced sources.

THE FIRST CIRCLE is a good example of Scammell's method when he has a wealth of material to work with. Solzhenitsyn has methodically rewritten many works, including this novel; thus the matter of text is always important, as with most Soviet writers. In addition to the two main published Russian versions of the novel itself, Scammell had the unique possibility of consulting "nonfiction" memoirs by all three of the major characters: Nerzhin (Solzhenitsyn's own *The Oak and the Calf*), Sologdin (Dmitri Panin's *The Memoirs of Sologdin*), and Rubin (Lev Kopelev's important Solzhenitsyn chapters in *Ease My Sorrows*). Scammell has the unenviable duty of deciding whether the first published version of the novel (which Solzhenitsyn censored in order to make more politically acceptable) is better than the new and longer version (re-written and uncensored by the author). He splits his opinion, finding certain aspects of each version superior. Generally he adheres to the Russian tradition: a book which "is real" is somehow superior. Wrongly, I think, he argues that it is a rich and diverse novel, cleverly structured and filled with noble, lifelike characters—a microcosm of all Soviet society that can be profitably reread and studied.

I would argue differently. Solzhenitsyn himself mentions that there were in fact *seven* versions of the novel. Scammell oversimplifies by referring only to the 1962 version and the 1968 version (published in Russian by Harper & Row) from which all translations were made; thus the complicated process of "sharpening" and "deepening" that led Solzhenitsyn to his final version is not discussed. I would contend that the "softened" and translated text was basically superior to the "sharpened" version, which lost much of its literary shape as it gained political pointedness. Besides, I would argue that the first-time reader is the *only* one who is rewarded—largely by the information it contains. However, once one knows the information (in 1969 few did), the comprehensive universe that Scammell thought he saw revealed is far smaller and less compelling. Even as Scammell analyzes the novel here, many of Solzhenitsyn's characters turn into mere mouthpieces; questions of ideology and historical accuracy consume pages.

This is not a new view, but a basic source of disagreement among Solzhenitsyn's readers. On one side are those who consider him a new Tolstoy (mainly because for them he *first* told these stories—and he intentionally copies Tolstoyan devices). On the other are those, like Gore Vidal, who believe Solzhenitsyn should have written artillery manuals (these are called elitists or aesthetes by their foes). Whatever one's "side," it is interesting that Scammell's main approach is to determine the "reality" behind the novel's events.

BUT EVEN this is difficult. Scammell does not know, for example, that there is an *earlier* documentary version of life in the gulag by Solzhenitsyn's colleague Lev Kopelev in his *Ease My Sorrows*; there a different Solzhenitsyn-Nerzhin emerges—a Soviet patriot, an enthusiast who stays up late nights to catch the enemy of the people, who is personally affronted by this sellout to atomic America. Scammell does note that Kopelev's private critique became a commonplace. Kopelev made the point to Solzhenitsyn himself that he was much more powerful writing about things he had seen, and Scammell largely endorses that view:

> The success of *Ivan Denisovich* and the short stories (with the exception of "For the Good of the Cause") was undoubtedly due to their having been firmly rooted in autobiographical reality, just as many of the best scenes in *The First Circle* derived their power from the same source. But there were many striking scenes, chapters, and episodes with no autobiographical basis, and not even the scenes depicting Stalin, later to be much criticized, were as weak as some have alleged. It was true, however, that Solzhenitsyn did seem to need a firm autobiographical substratum from which his imagination could take off and that his own particular brand of realism flourished so long as it remained in

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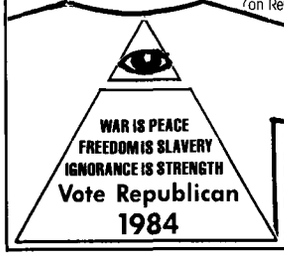

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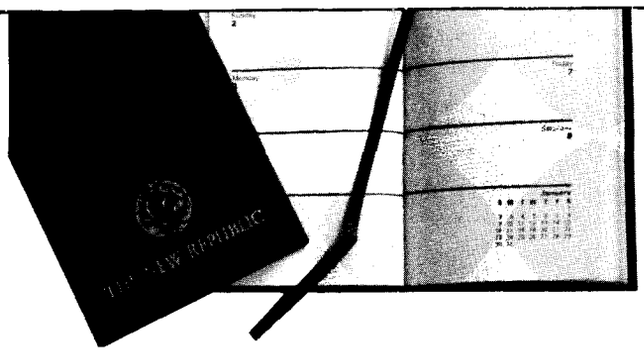
close touch with that substratum—or could draw on it when the author projected himself into other characters—but tended to wither and become artificial when too far removed from personal experience.

SCAMMELL'S strongest points are thoroughness and balance. Whether dealing with a novel or a speech, he presents very detailed evidence from both sides and the middle. An interview with a foe will almost always be followed by one with a friend; someone who detects the sin of vanity in Solzhenitsyn will usually be juxtaposed to one who is full of religious praise. Often there is no final judgment except an implicit one, visible in the use of prejudicial words such as "fanatical," "harangue," or "demagogue." Although the effort to weigh things carefully is clear, it does seem to me that the bright, enthusiastic pages that begin Scammell's book gradually but inexorably change; in later pages one senses more duty than enthusiasm, more judgment than joy.

This is especially true when he analyzes works such as "A Letter to the Leaders" or the controversial 1976 BBC interview in which Solzhenitsyn inveighed against Western attitudes. Scammell is forced to deal with the contradictory, conservative, monolithic attitudes toward democracy, "the West," and with Solzhenitsyn's own prophetic gifts. Here, in spite of the crisscrossings of "for" and "against," it is obvious that Solzhenitsyn stands far to the right of the author's English liberal beliefs. Thus, for example, Scammell cannot avoid juxtaposing Solzhenitsyn's abstract praise of democracy in Switzerland with his indifference to the truly democratic town meetings in Vermont—at one of which he gave an *ex cathedra* speech at the outset and then left without seeing how things really worked. (Russian novels rarely tell you how things really work.) Scammell's duty is to point out that there were actually *two* "final" versions of "Letter to the Leaders," but that Solzhenitsyn tried very hard to conceal the real one—because his criticism of Western ideas and his anti-democratic notions are presented forcefully and unmistakably for the first time here, as he speaks as an equal with the Soviet Presidium members.

Finally, Scammell is clearly worried by Solzhenitsyn's often repeated and



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growing conviction (first stated by followers, including the late Orthodox theologian Father Schmemann) that he was a "prophet," a "Finger of God," "A Sword in God's Hand," a man who believes that "very often I have prophetic feelings—I know what is going to happen."

FOR ALL the tragedy, the first one hundred pages of the biography are noteworthy because the period has been the subject of so much falsehood, so much rumor. Solzhenitsyn's father, a Christian named Isaaki, accidentally shot himself before his son was born. (The father's faith is worth noting, since later the Soviet government tried to prove that Solzhenitsyn was a Jew.) It is a long way from the poignant early days of misery together with his mother (after 1917 she was an "ex-person") to the days of hoping for a Lenin Prize, being expelled from the Writer's Union, then winning the Nobel Prize, and finally resettling in Vermont. Nonetheless, the character traits that Scammell describes are not extremely different from one period to another. Solzhenitsyn was poor, extremely poor. He recalls:

> Hardships. I'm afraid the word won't mean much to you for all your experience of the war and the Nazis, especially as it doesn't apply to my childhood alone. Things were no better when I became an adult. Up to the age of forty I knew nothing but a kind of dignified destitution. From the end of 1918, the year I was born, until 1944, I didn't know what a house was. We lived in huts which were constantly assaulted by the cold. Never enough fuel to keep us warm. No water in the room where we lived—we had to go out and fetch it some distance away. A pair of shoes or a suit of clothes had to last for several years. As for the food, don't mention it. After the starvation of the 1930s, ordinary shortages were a minor evil. In some mysterious way, all these things struck me as more or less normal.

Therefore Solzhenitsyn became self-reliant, thrifty, stubborn, and puritanical. True, he felt himself as somehow "different." Still, he joined the Pioneers, as all Russians do. Although very good at mathematics, he loved literature from the earliest days, and he wrote reams of verse which were rejected by many periodicals. His love of poetry, and his inability to judge himself (or accept Akhmatova's opinion), never changed; thus, after his expulsion in 1974, one of his first releases was a record of himself reciting his execrable verse narrative, *Prussian Nights*.

While his character remained much the same, his loyalties underwent serious changes. The cross he wore so truculently as a boy eventually gave way to the Red Star. Matters of principle, the older he got, became more and more capable of ending friendships. His devotion to his mother, however, endured and so did his love of learning. Eventually, in the university, the revolutionary ideals of Lenin took on special significance. (That he should later write on Lenin seems foreordained.) Solzhenitsyn says he spent not only class hours but a lot of his spare time studying dialectical materialism: "I read an enormous amount about it and got completely carried away. I was absolutely sincerely enthralled by it over a period of several years."

From the start he was about as lighthearted as Mother Teresa. He demanded loyalty as well as punctuality from friends and established rigid work habits. As an active Komsomol member, his primary feat during this time was typical: he changed the "wall newspaper" (a pro-forma newsletter, usually a laughingstock in institutions) from a biannual to a *weekly*. Not only that, Scammell assures us, he made it interesting. Both teachers and students praised him. He had a brilliant future ahead of him.

BUT SOON war, true valor, and finally ignominious arrest (mainly for Stalin jokes), ended all that. Scammell covers the drama of his adulthood: periods of incarceration, then cancer and exile, then teaching, and the continual desire to carry on his literary career—from memorized verse in the camps to novels. We see him as a frightened but pugnacious beginner. There follows the triumphant discovery of Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* by *Novy Mir*'s editor, Alexander Tvardovsky. (Scammell spends many pages weighing the truth of Solzhenitsyn's accusations against his former benefactor that he didn't do enough to help him get subsequent works published; as usual the biographer comes out in the middle.) Khrushchev used Solzhenitsyn in his de-Stalinization program; but when Khrushchev was overthrown, Solzhenitsyn was not far behind.

It was only a matter of time before *The Gulag Archipelago* was published and he was arrested—fortunately at a time when exile abroad had supplanted prison. Exile was cruel, but the K.G.B. did make him a gift of 500 deutsche marks, and his whole family, together with fourteen hundred pounds of baggage, was soon sent after him. Stalin would simply have shot him. Solzhenitsyn's settling in the United States made intellectual life here more lively from time to time, and Scammell records much of this.

THE DANCE of opinion is done by each reviewer, and since Scammell avoids some topics on which we would perhaps agree, I feel it is proper (having read more Solzhenitsyn than most people) for me to make a few blunt points. Solzhenitsyn is not someone you would want as a friend. His gift for alienating friend and foe intensifies as he grows older, in spite of his occasional smile. He condescends to Sakharov, and virtually accuses Valery Chalidze (a human rights activist) of being a collaborator. Writers often need ego to survive, but Solzhenitsyn is so unrestrained in his vanity that when he was arrested during the war he thought perhaps they were taking him to Stalin; and when he was arrested before exile, he thought he would be taken to the highest ranks of the Central Committee for a talk. He required absolute submission from his wives. Each was initiated by reading Chekhov's "The Darling" and Tolstoy's interpretation. The would-be wives had to agree with Tolstoy, not with Chekhov: by subordinating her personality to the man's, the darling showed she had the superior soul. Like President Reagan, Solzhenitsyn likes to chop wood in his precious spare time, and though he talks constantly about religion and its importance, he seldom goes to church.

This does not mean that Solzhenitsyn is always wrong. On the contrary, he has often pointed out true errors (Scammell notes many)—the liberal's use of Chile or El Salvador to ignore the largest gulag (Solzhenitsyn sees the whole "West" as doing this); the British and American's gunpoint "repatriation" of Russians in 1945-46; the shortcomings of BBC and VOA Russian services; the cowardice of political exchangees who refuse to "get involved." He is blunt about these and other matters.

But Solzhenitsyn is a writer of superlatives. He thinks and writes in categories—not in qualifications. Look at any of his publicistic works and you will see this. Take the high school

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drivel of the Harvard speech. Moderation is an alien concept: everything-nothing, East-West, none-all, never-always, everyone-nobody, black-white, and so on. It is, indeed, a "World Split Apart." He is on the same two-step, dialectical march that has kept orthodox Russians from thinking carefully for years. Reliance on law is bad, because sometimes it fails. Reliance on freedom of speech is bad, because the press—which is "unelected"—sometimes "misleads" people. Reliance on democracy is bad, because it has defects and is weak. Oh yes, there are other samples of his wisdom. For three hundred years "the West" has thought only one way; the "natural" height for a human structure is two stories; movies and rock music destroy the mind; suffering advances one's spiritual state by decades (the Cambodians must be spiritual giants by now). All that this has in common with Tolstoy is silliness.

Why does anyone pay attention to such claptrap? An old man with the limited education of a convinced Soviet Leninist and the limited life of a totalitarian prisoner prates, and for two decades right-wing Russians and others tremblingly call him a prophet. It's hard to comprehend such self-laceration.

Perhaps one can agree that Solzhenitsyn is a great publicist, at least when he deals with what he knows first-hand. The camp literature is now huge, but his was among the first published. (What made his reputation, after all, was getting into *Novy Mir* with the subject before anyone else did.) *The Gulag Archipelago* is certainly unmatched for sheer effort. But neither there, nor in his other publicistic works, did Solzhenitsyn ever master certain basic rhetorical techniques. For example, he never learned that some material is so powerful that it *must* stand on its own. Three exclamation points or all capital letters (his "innovations") are not only unnecessary—they are stupid and insulting, the mark of an amateur.

As for his fiction, only *One Day* and the story "Matryona's Place" are unquestionably literary classics (and the reputation of the former owes as much to circumstances as to art). The women in his fiction are uniformly unsatisfactory, given virtually no depth of character; his attempts at portraying the world of the Soviet elite are laughable. What Solzhenitsyn now calls *The Red Wheel* (formerly entitled variously, and in parts, *August 1914* and *Lenin in Zurich*, the polemics around which Scammell details) has been rewritten and just reissued in Russian. This epic, for which he got the idea almost forty years ago, is one of the most stultifyingly boring works produced by Socialist or capitalist realism. Solzhenitsyn has wasted much of his life on this pale imitation and refutation of Tolstoy. Scammell is fortunate that he chose a cut-off date early enough to spare him the task of finding a fence for Solzhenitsyn's final *chef d'oeuvre*.

CARL R. PROFFER

Carl R. Proffer, who died last week, was a professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of Michigan and the founder with his wife, Ellendea, of Ardis Publishers.

ALBANY WARM-UP

The Ink Truck
by William Kennedy

(Viking, 278 pp., $15.95)

When William Kennedy's *Ironweed* walked away with the literary prizes this year, more than *Ironweed* came into the spotlight. *Legs* and *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game*—the two earlier novels in the "Albany cycle"—suddenly started popping up in even the most standard bookstores. All at once William Kennedy's crackling, vivid prose, his gritty characters and hard-edged plots are available wherever you turn.

That's a side effect of literary prizes—sometimes a positive one, sometimes not. Certainly the Albany cycle deserves to be recalled entire to our attention; regardless of whether you happen to enjoy it, it is undeniably literature. On the other hand, his very first novel is best forgotten. But here we have it nonetheless: *The Ink Truck*, originally published in 1969, now being reissued.

The book's hero is Bailey, a newspaper columnist who has been involved for one full year in a strike against his paper. During that year 247 of the strikers have defected. Only 4 of the 18 remaining have any real commitment: Bailey himself, his friend Rosenthal, his sometimes girlfriend Irma, and Jarvis, the leader, a man "rather above average in ineptitude." Jarvis organizes "motorcades" two cars long. When he gives the strikers their signal—"Whistle While You Work"—he has to hum it because he doesn't know how to whistle. In his negotiations with management, he is reduced to arguing about whether the company should split tuxedo-rental costs for reporters covering formal functions. (By no means are dress shirts included; "reporters are notorious gravy spillers.") Current salary proposals hover somewhere around 40 percent below pre-strike level.

Plainly, to remain on this sinking ship Bailey would have to be a man obsessed—and he is. He admits it himself:

> The strike had created something so callous in him that he often thought he would make no more relationships that would last beyond the moment. Ties would bind as long as the moment lasted: an instant, or perhaps a year; but no longer. And he would not grieve when the

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> moment ended. It was desirable to get beyond sentimental attachments, beyond trouble, beyond love, to be equal even to death. . . . His life now was almost like a sealed bottle that nothing could touch.

That passage sums up all that's wrong with the book; for although it may be possible to write a wonderful novel about someone who has reached such a state, William Kennedy was not skillful enough at the time to do it. What he gave us, instead, was a thin, brutal, wisecracking tale about a man so devoid of warmth that he can't enlist the slightest sympathy from the reader. Callous Bailey certainly is—posturing and self-centered, prone to the kind of manic joke that excludes the listener—but the strike, as presented here, is not sufficient excuse for it.

Bailey fills his column with arcane nonsense and lets his readers sink or swim. He has a repellent wife whom he ditches without a thought; he absent-mindedly fondles a smitten neighbor woman in order to gain access to her phone. His method of publicly squelching an opponent—a successful method, we're led to believe, and one that's presented as if it were funny and original—is to leap around like a gorilla, scratching his armpits and making ape sounds for reporters. He is given to lengthy, feverish diatribes that sound like James Joyce's Bloom suddenly gone senile:

> I'm heading for new depths. No more fresh starts for Bailey. I'm after mutation now, lopping off parts till the species is as slick and streamlined as a buttered bullet. Eventually I may be able to sell myself to a freak museum as the Transmogrified Man. He cut out his vital parts and fed the birds and the sewers. He opened his veins and dribbled out his blood to thirsty pigs. And he sold his brain to raise funds for a fashionable supermarket. What you see before you, ladies and gentlemen, is the vile corpse. Note that it has petrified ears, vulcanized genitals and a calcified liver. Proceeds from this exhibition will go to the former owner, who has since become an anopheles mosquito.

Some of the book's flaws are echoed in the later Albany cycle: a wasteful excess of violence and a slapdash, run-on style that occasionally blurs the plot. (William Kennedy bears a strong resemblance to one of those brilliant cocktail party talkers—not conversationalists, mind—who keep the other guests royally entertained but also a little confused.) But in the Albany cycle, those flaws are balanced by the depth of the stories being told. There's no such depth in *The Ink Truck*. People are mashed, smashed, lacerated—people we don't much care about, so we're forced to endure all this gruesomeness for no good reason. Even an orgy turns out to be gruesome—a pointless orgy anyway, made all the more so by the fact that its participants might have been rejects from a Bosch painting:

> Popkin, hairless, and Morelli, apelike with hair; one of Stanley's maids with only one breast and beside her an Old Mother Hubbard's pair hanging to the waist like overstuffed satchels; a chicken-breasted scab with a long, dangling prong, and an executive's beer-bellied vat with an almost invisible faucet under its great curve; a hump growing out of a gray-haired executive wife's back. . . . Some men had womanly sags to their chests, knobby navels, hairy backs, boils and cultured muscles. Some women had pimples, face-lift scars, stretch marks. . . . There were women with oiled skin, surgical scars, acne and Man Tan, men with scarlet splotches, warts, wens, moles, birthmarks . . .

Well, you get the general idea.

Is all this to say that there are no redeeming features in *The Ink Truck*? No, moments do flash out from time to time—inklings of the later William Kennedy. At one point, Bailey takes an accidental time trip to a nineteenth-century cholera epidemic in Albany, and this is our first sense of a real place that we can practically touch. (Albany has been the setting all along, but up till now we only knew it because we were told so in an Author's Note at the start.) At another point, Bailey visits an uncle whose life revolves about his cat; and his household with its arsenal of rubber mice and flea powders is another place that pulls us in. But as for the rest—well, call it practice. A finger exercise for the Albany cycle. And don't feel you have to rush out and buy it.

ANNE TYLER

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The War of the End of the World: by Mario Vargas Llosa (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). An apocalyptic vision from Peru's most important novelist. (Reviewed 10/8/84)

Stranger on the Square by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler (Random House). The posthumously published journals of one of the century's major intellectuals and his wife. (10/8/84)

Season of Spoils: The Story of the Reagan Administration's Attack on the Environment by Jonathan Lash, with Katherine Gillman and David Sheridan (Pantheon). A timely and persuasive account of a ruinous record. (10/1/84)

Margaret Mead: A Life by Jane Howard (Simon & Schuster). A detailed and discerning biography of the influential American anthropologist. (10/1/84)

The Engineer of Human Souls by Josef Skvorecky (Knopf). An epic novel of a Czech émigré's life. (8/27/84)

The Haymarket Tragedy by Paul Avrich (Princeton University Press). A vivid, original study of a dramatic episode in American history. (9/17&24/84)

Labour in Power: 1945-1951 by Kenneth Morgan (Oxford University Press). A comprehensive account of the party's finest hours. (9/17&24/84)

The Letters of Jean Rhys edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly (Viking). The novelist becomes one of her own greatest characters. (9/10/84)

Paul Cézanne: The Watercolors, A Catalogue Raisonné by John Rewald (New York Graphic Society Books). A magisterial view of some of the most beautiful images in modern art. (9/10/84)

Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape by Ann Thwaite (Chicago University Press). The life of a man of letters in his glittering time. (9/10/84)

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TRB, *from page 6*

Bush is not stupid. But who can believe that a man who talks this way (". . . all of that . . . my thing as Episcopalian . . .") wastes an ounce of unnecessary energy thinking about either politics or religion, let alone both at the same time?

When Geraldine Ferraro stumbled over the theological distinction between a "first strike" and a "first use" of nuclear weapons, she stirred up talk that she is a lightweight. Meanwhile Bush sails through the campaign babbling things like, "I believe in unions and I believe in non-unions." Remember his moronic toast of Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos in 1981? "We love your adherence to democratic principles. . . ."

Here is Bush's summary of the Nicaraguan revolution: "The Sandinistas came in. They overthrew Somoza, killed him, and overthrew him. Killed him, threw him out." Told that Somoza had been killed while in exile, and not by the Sandinistas, Bush said he was using the term Sandinista in a "generic" sense. Pressed further, he abandoned words completely. "I will just stay with what I said yesterday." ("I'll freeze, Bill," as they used to say on "The Price Is Right.") Can you imagine the scathing reviews if Ferraro performed like this?

What protects Bush from the lightweight charge is his résumé—"all these marvelous credentials," as he himself put it in 1980. In the 1960s Bush served two terms in the House of Representatives and lost two races for the Senate. (In his second Senate race, he took $106,000 from a secret Nixon slush fund, something else that's not on Geraldine Ferraro's résumé.) It's his glittering series of appointed posts in the 1970s, second only to Elliot Richardson's, that give Bush that statesmanlike glow.

Bush's puppydog qualities are what have led Presidents to seek him out. Bush's main accomplishment as U.N. Ambassador in 1971 was to lead the lonely American campaign against admitting Communist China. He called it "a day of infamy" (good line) when he lost. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to George, Henry Kissinger was in Peking arranging Nixon's breakthrough visit. Oh well.

Next, Bush became Republican national chairman. This episode is misrepresented in the only full-length biography of Bush, which happens to be a recently published memoir by his own dog—*C. Fred's Story: A Dog's Life* by C. Fred Bush, edited by Barbara Bush (Doubleday, $13.95). C. Fred is a real dog's dog. As he recalls it, during Watergate, "Bar [Mrs. Bush] taught me how to sit up, roll over, catch biscuits, walk like a man—in fact, a whole bag of tricks. Speaking of tricks, George spent that whole year fighting a whole bag of 'Dirty Tricks' that had taken place the year before." In fact, George, too, spent much of that year rolling over, if not walking like a man. He ardently defended Nixon throughout Watergate until the emergence of the "smoking gun" tapes, when, like England's famous Vicar of Bray, he had another timely change of faith. (*And this is law, I will maintain,/Until my dying day, sir,/That whatsoever king shall reign,/I will be the Vicar of Bray, sir!*)

For his loyalty, President Ford threw George another biscuit, the job of America's first special envoy to Communist China, no longer a nation of infamy. Next, it was head of the C.I.A. (Good dog!) Like his other big bow-wow jobs, Bush held this one just long enough to update the résumé before moving on, this time to chase the biggest biscuit of all. "Would I be a good President. . . ?" he asked in 1980. "I'd be crackerjack. I'd do it with style, dignity, feeling, strength. . . . I have a conviction. I know I'd be a better President than Reagan."

Republican voters disagreed and, on reflection, Bush disagrees too. Ronald Reagan is the greatest President the world has ever known. He will work even more wonders in the next four years. And George Bush? "For my part, I'll talk about leadership—Ronald Reagan's leadership. America's back, and Ronald Reagan's leadership has brought it back." Slurp, slurp. Down, boy! Down!

COMING:

Alfred Kazin on
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YUGOSLAVIA DIARIST

No Bananas

EVERYBODY'S SELLING peaches in Yugoslavia these days—peasants in Zagreb, beach bums in Dubrovnik, Gypsies in Bihać. But it's hard to find a banana, or a cherry, or any other imported fruit or vegetable. "Ah, yes, I know," a truck driver from Rijeka told me. "We used to have oranges, bananas—all those things—about eight or ten years ago. But not anymore." What happened? The country owes over $20 billion to the West and has cut imports and imposed austerity to help pay it back. Market-oriented Yugoslavia is still better off than most of Eastern Europe's other Communist nations, but signs of economic distress are everywhere. If you ask for a Coke, you often get the soapy Yugoslav imitation, "Kocta." Meat supplies are low. Fuel is rationed. Parks and cafés are dotted with groups of idle workers. (Yugoslavia eases its 15 percent unemployment and earns hard currency by exporting "guest workers" to Western Europe; my truck driver learned English in Holland.) Every town and city contains the skeletons of houses, factories, or hotels that have been halted in mid-construction for lack of labor and supplies. Four years after the passing of Tito, Yugoslavia seems to have reached an economic dead end.

BUT THE PEACHES are delicious. And despite hard times, the Yugoslavs remain a remarkably high-spirited and engaging people. In Skopje's railroad station, I witnessed the departure of the city's 18-year-old draftees for the army—an uproarious spectacle in which throngs of singing and laughing relatives invaded the tracks and mobbed the trains. In Zagreb, I saw the annual folklore festival. For two hours, costumed performers from rural Croatia danced and wailed their peculiar nasal songs—each troupe evoked a howling outburst from the section of the audience containing its home-town partisans. (The festival's emcee was a sort of Croatian Bob Eubanks, resplendent in gray suit, purple shirt, and dotted tie.) And then there is the scenery: Plitvice, a chain of turquoise lakes terraced together by a network of waterfalls; the mountains of Montenegro, split by the Moraca Canyon; and the sublime Adriatic coastline, dotted by the walled cities of Venetian traders. Rebecca West wrote of Yugoslavia forty-five years ago, "there is everything there. Except what we have. But that seems very little."

IT'S A SHAME more Americans don't visit here. We seem larger than life to some Yugoslavs. In Sibenik, I met Christian, a Macedonian who was prowling the local night spots with a Dutchman named Erik. Christian lit up when I told him where I was from. He confided: "Erik is such a weakling. We'll not meet girls with him around." I said, "But Erik looks a lot like me" (that is, a skinny guy with glasses). "No," Christian insisted, slapping my shoulder robustly, "You are big, strong American boy!" In one Croatian village, I paid a few dollars to stay in the Draga family's guest room. Mrs. Draga treated me coolly until I revealed my nationality. *"Amerikanski!"* she gasped—and sat me down to dinner with her sons; her eyes never left me. I was ushered to the biggest, softest chair in the house to watch state-run TV. "Drogi Program" that night featured news, folksongs, and a curious Depression-era Pat O'Brien movie called *The Boy With Green Hair*, which riveted the Dragas with its scenes of Main Street and white picket fences.

YUGOSLAVS INSIST that theirs is a free country—unlike Russia, they add proudly. If freedom means a free-for-all, this is true; Yugoslavia countenances an extraordinary amount of everyday chaos. In Peć, a topsy-turvy city in Albanian-speaking Kossovo province, taxis drive on the sidewalks, while pedestrians and horse-drawn carts go in the streets. As for the intercity bus system, seats are always sold out well in advance, so each bus is met at the station by a ticketless swarm begging for standing room. The driver and conductor decide who gets on. Nuns and soldiers have no problem, but otherwise you'd better have a baby or a pretty good story. Once I just shoved my pack in the luggage hold and waved the claim check at the driver as if it were a ticket. *"Izvolte!"* (Come on in!) he said. But on the road the conductor found me out, and made me give up my seat. I rode four hours squeezed between the door, a backpack, and a chain-smoker from Macedonia.

POLITICAL FREEDOM is harder to gauge. On the surface, the party is not an oppressive presence. You don't see Moscow-style murals glorifying rural electrification, only a few red flags fluttering in the parks. The state runs newspapers and periodicals (including an astonishing array of girlie magazines). But American, French, German, and Soviet newspapers are easily obtained—THE NEW REPUBLIC is always checked out at the American consulate's library in Zagreb. Still, there has been a disturbing wave of political arrests lately, including one raid on a meeting led by dissident Milovan Djilas in which twenty-eight Yugoslavs were seized.

THE BIG WORRY of the faceless "collective presidency" which replaced Tito is that age-old ethnic differences, exacerbated by the economic crisis, might sunder the Yugoslav federation. This may be why the relaxed attitude toward ideological deviance is coupled with a hard line toward nationalist stirrings among the country's six republics—anything from Djilas's meeting (which dealt with nationalist problems) to the 1981 separatist riots in Kossovo. Yugoslavia must unite its various peoples without the help of a charismatic leader, democratic institutions, or an immediate external threat. I wondered if this was one reason behind the flowering posthumous Tito cult. In life, the war hero held the nation together; maybe Belgrade thinks he can do the same now that he is gone. In places you'd expect to see a billboard, a Michael Jackson photo, or fuzzy dice in America, you see Tito's picture in Yugoslavia. In Dubrovnik, I saw an old man dressed in rags; the only shiny thing on him was one of those photo lapel buttons depicting Tito in his partisan uniform. And on a hill overlooking Split, there is a massive neon sign that says, commandingly, TITO. I suppose icon-worship is better than repression, but can it work forever?

C.L.

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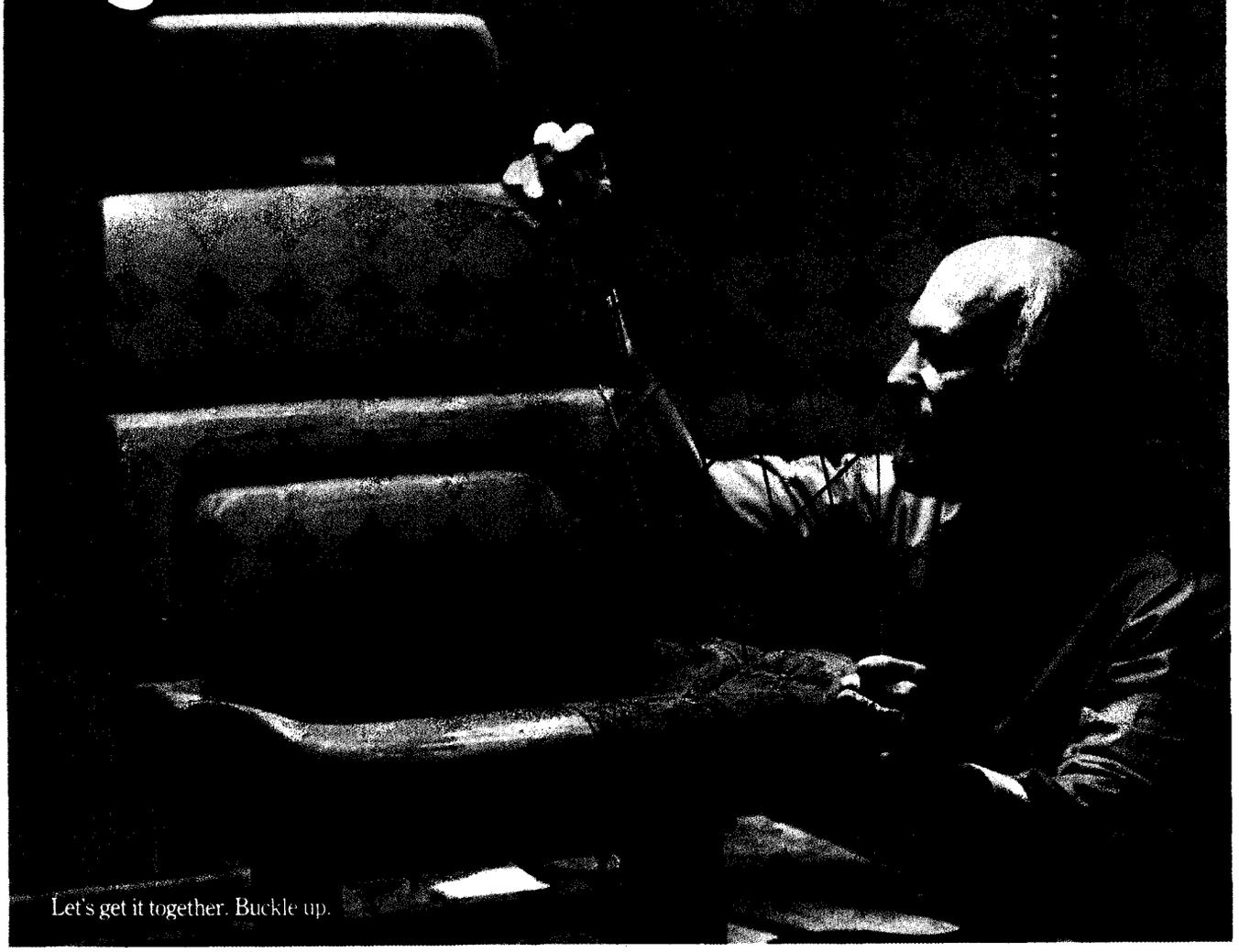

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